

# THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 501.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1837.

PRICE  
FOURPENCE  
(Stamped Edition, 8d.)

For the convenience of Subscribers in remote places, the weekly numbers are reissued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than 3 Months, and in advance, are received by M. RAUDRY, 9, Rue du Coq-St.-Honoré, Paris, or at the Athenæum Office, London. For France, and other Countries not requiring postage to be paid in London, 25 fr. or 11. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition. (JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.)

## REVIEWS

*Memoirs of the Viscount de la Rochefoucauld, Aide-de-Camp to the late Charles X.—[Mémoires, &c.] Vols. I. & II. Paris, Allardin; London, Dulau.*

THE volumes now before us, which are to be promptly followed by two more, are not the production of that La Rochefoucauld, who, to find favour in "les beaux yeux" of the Duchesse de Longueville, led the Fronde—the witty author of the cynical "Maxims." Neither are they from the pen of François de la Rochefoucauld, the elegant and accomplished courtier and friend of Louis XIV. Nor are they the outpourings of the amiable, honest, Louis Alexandre de la Rochefoucauld, who, as Ségur declared, "sustained the *éclat* of his great name by his philosophy, his disinterestedness, and the frankness of his opinions," and who perished in the revolution—the victim of virtues which the unhappiness of his times would not tolerate. No, these precious deposits of political forecast and astute statescraft could only emanate from that Rochefoucauld of Rochefoucaulds, Sosthène, Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld, of whom it is related that, when Louis XVIII., on some occasion, compared him to the immortal author of the *Philippics*, he replied, "Sire, I have not indeed the eloquence of Demosthenes, but I will not yield even to him in his loyalty to his sovereign." The house of La Rochefoucauld has, from a remote period, maintained its reputation for talents of the most brilliant character; and amongst its members there are still some who hold a place in the first ranks of the enlightened and liberal constitutionalists of France: but in all things there is compensation; and fate, after heaping, in such profusion, democratic qualities on long generations of a noble house, has at length restored the balance in the person of the Vicomte, whose mental qualities of the true ultra calibre, and "cœur tout Français" (as he loves to call it), are the hope of the exiled Bourbons, and the pride of the Faubourg St. Germain.

We have taken occasion heretofore to observe, that books, independently of their merit as a medium of positive instruction, have sometimes a value as exponents of the intellectual peculiarities of their writers,—and this is of them." It is a too prevailing error to measure other people's corn with our own bushel: in intellectual matters especially, we are too prone to make our own capacities and dispositions a standard of universal application; so that as, on the one hand, we have difficulty in comprehending the whole extent of the intelligence of a Bacon, or of the enthusiasm of a Howard; on the other, we are constantly overlooking the shallows by which we are surrounded in ordinary society, and consequently set down many for knaves, who are in truth no worse than incorrigible blockheads. In this case there are books which, like a mirror, reflect a useful light on our narrow conceptions, beyond the best indications of phrenology; and, like the monstrosities of a natural museum, afford autotypic conviction of the caprices with which nature delights to vary her creations. In this point of view the work before us is above all praise; and from this present 1837 forth, as long as the French language shall endure, philosophy will have assurance of that which has hitherto been such a mystery—the intellectuals of a

genuine and unmitigated French ultra, "who has learned nothing and forgotten nothing."

The hero of these volumes is their author; time and place, France during the Restoration; and the result very nearly identical with that of the great prototype of the class, the far-famed "Memoirs of P. P. clerk of this parish." If there be any truth in man, we are henceforth to believe that Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld restored the Bourbons to their throne (as they say at cricket), "off his own bat"—that he alone prevented the allies from dismembering France—that he kept Louis XVIII. in his saddle—and that he would have done as much for Charles X., if the said Charles had not, most unceremoniously, sent him to the right about, and listened to more revolutionary advisers. Socrates preferred poison to holding his tongue, and Charles could better encounter the Three Days, than stand the prosy Vicomte. All these propositions (owing to the author's great modesty) are not, indeed, textually so set down, yet are they not so awkwardly concealed but that he who runs may read them in the context.

Some men, says Malvolio, achieve greatness, while some are born to it. Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld stands in the latter predicament; for he tells us that "he received with his life the doctrine of legitimacy." At first, we imagined that this was only our author's peculiar, sentimental, rigmorolical mode of relating that he was born in holy wedlock: but no; the Vicomte is a partizan of innate ideas (notwithstanding his hatred of the *doctrinaires*); and he perfectly remembers having one afternoon come into the world with a taste for mother's milk and divine right. From the starting-post (*dès l'origine*) he was devoted to it (the right, and not the milk), and, except at certain moments, when majesty happened to overlook his merits, or ministers refused to follow his lead, he has continued true to his calling, through good and evil report, with a fidelity that is worthy of all praise. Still, the greatest geniuses must pay their tribute to the age in which they live; and we find the born-ultra, like *le petit chaperon rouge*, attracted for a moment towards Bonaparte (*le loup*), by a magic force, in which the natural will apparently had no part. "Wishing to serve him, (he says of himself and friends,) it was necessary to excuse him. He had yielded to a hard necessity. They (the French nobles) admired the glory which he attached to the name of France—they desired to partake of it. They were grateful that he had not spilt more blood in the foundation of his power; and they forgot the entire generations which he annually snatched from existence (*disputait à la vie*). They looked only at his laurels, and trod under foot the cypresses." Fate, however, and metaphysical aid, saved our hero from actually falling into the common error. The day was not distant when Napoleon, that "King of the kings of the earth, that omnipotent potentate, should be abandoned by HIM [the impiety is our author's, not ours] who had used him to fulfil his own eternal decrees," &c.; and accordingly, Divine Providence (winking at the treachery of nearer friends) deprived the Emperor also of the counsels and arms of Sosthène de la Rochefoucauld. As might naturally be expected, the campaign of Moscow ensued, and the enemy were already ravaging the provinces of

France; but Louis XVIII., good easy man, was as yet none the nearer. "They still talked of peace with the usurper, at the congress of Châtillon, up to February, 1814, and thought not the least in the world of Louis:" or, as Xanthias says in "the Frogs," *περί ἡμῶν δ' οὐδέν τις λόγος*. Sosthène's name and his exploits were unknown—"Oh! no, they never mentioned" him. The deduction drawn from this fact is curious; we give it in our author's own words:—

Happy king! having undergone such long misfortunes, you can at least boast that your return did not cost a single drop of your subjects' blood, and that you alone cicatrized their wounds. Perhaps—he adds with amiable *naïveté*—folks may tell a different story, but truth will one day pierce the clouds of error.

In this truly alarming contingency, our hero, "animated by the desire to spare France an infinity of horrible disasters and humiliations," set off for England, at the imminent personal risk of "dying for joy at the king's feet." This time, however, he was *quite pour la peur*, and he succeeded in persuading the Dukes of Angoulême and Berri to trust themselves among the cannibal French, (*se fier à la loyauté des Français*), and to try their luck in the approaching scramble. Well, "Heaven, touched with the evils of humanity," annihilated (for a twelvemonth) the power of Bonaparte; and Sosthène and his friends took advantage of the opportunity to manufacture and distribute sundry white cockades, during the march of the allies through the streets of Paris, in order to make the Emperor of Russia believe that the people desired the return of the Bourbons. Mons. de Valeri, he says, being a tall man of his inches, (and therefore an eminent personage) "distributed Bourbonite proclamations to the multitude; and Mademoiselle Sophie, my mother's housekeeper, stuck one of the first cockades into a passenger's hat." Measures so energetic as these could not fail to succeed: Alexander was converted by the demonstration: the geese cackled, and the Capitol was saved. But we are hurrying on too fast: it was not Mademoiselle Sophie precisely, who effected this revolution. Notwithstanding her heroism, and the rapid movements "à pied et à cheval" of her master, "nothing [we learn] was yet decided, and not a moment was to be lost. The day was declining (and so was the Bourbon cause); so Talon and I got off our horses, and, approaching Alexander, demanded the restoration of Louis XVIII." Strange to say, not even this had any effect; neither Alexander, nor any other of the allied princes, would respond to the wishes of these representatives of the *vox populi*. Like St. Thomas, they wanted tangible evidence of the dispositions of the people before they committed themselves. Accordingly, away scoured the indefatigable Sosthène to get together a knot of vagabonds, who proceeded to pull down Napoleon's statue from the column of the Place Vendôme, as a decisive proof of the desire of the nation for a Bourbon king. The statue, however, did what he whom it represented could not: it kept on its legs, and the insurrection failed. "The silence of the allies froze the most intrepid;" but the horses of Sosthène and his friend Talon "seemed animated with the same ardour as themselves;" and away they went once more, all four, on a new adventure. Here our author makes an avowal

valuable, from one of his opinions, to the future historian; namely, that up to this moment "the friends of the legitimate king were few, and without authority; and that many members of the old government were still at their posts." The emigrants, however, though few, were active; they met in secret council, and, with Stothène at their head, waited on the Emperor of Russia, and at length succeeded in winning the hitherto coy conqueror completely to their cause. Then follows a curious trait. The assembly, on its return from their deputation to Alexander, delighted with their success, began to "wax cockish," and were indulging in certain impolitic flights of fancy, when Mons. Talon, not knowing how to get rid of them, "extinguished the candles, and they all went away." Shades of Oliver Cromwell, and of Napoleon, hide your diminished heads! Why, instead of insulting the parliament by stealing the mace, or driving out the deputies at St. Cloud by the point of the bayonet, did ye not "put out the light—and then," like Mons. Talon, leave liberty in the dark, without a stain on your characters? With this striking proof of the wisdom, the energy, and the efficiency of the emigrants, we must conclude our account of the first memoir of the series; leaving Alexander converted, Louis on the throne, and Mons. le Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld *en possession* of all the glory of having placed him there—Q. E. D.

But a truce with *persiflage*. The reader must long ago have perceived that these *Memoirs* are the revelations of one who has nothing to tell, who has mistaken his restless activity and endless attempts to acquire importance with the king and with his own party, for an efficient intervention in public affairs. Most political parties find themselves burthened with hangers-on of the Vicomte's description—men of honest principle and unaffected zeal, who, not having the ability to distinguish the minuter differences in things, "go the whole hog" indeed, but, by their uncompromising and blind obstinacy, cast a ridicule on their friends, when they cannot more effectually impede their march by influencing their councils. Those who knew Paris in the days of which these volumes treat, will remember the light in which their author was regarded by the court; and those who have not this datum at hand, may come to a sound conclusion, from the fact that with all his anxiety to have a finger in the pie, and his orthodox desire to shut the nation out from all share or volition in the government, as being revolutionary, &c. &c. &c., the post conceded to him in this critical hour, was the direction of the theatres, and the superintendence of the fine arts. The Vicomte, in fact, precisely occupied the place of Dr. Johnson on shipboard, when he was ordered to hold some useless rope, to keep him quiet. His memoirs accordingly correspond with his means of information; and we may apply to him the words of the poet,

Sans rien omettre il raconta bien  
Ce qu'il savait,—mais il ne savait rien.

Nothing, in truth, can be more barren than his pages, which are occupied by trivial commonplaces, vague generalities, and endless details, in the most tedious minuteness, of facts totally pitiless and insignificant. What, however, is really curious in them, is the smooth, plausible, and sustained style in which these absurdities are conveyed. By the habitual use of abstract and general terms, standing for something or for nothing,—confounding, in their universality, things essentially distinct and different,—or, haply, representing merely the sounds necessary for their utterance,—the author not only persuades himself, but may also persuade many of his readers, that he is thinking. There is a solemnity in the march of the sentences that in-

cludes one speaking by authority, and a roundness in the phrases that looks provokingly like a meaning! Let us not, however, be misunderstood. This is no peculiarity in the Vicomte; we meet with specimens of the same thing, every week, in authors of far greater pretensions: not perhaps in the same exquisite degree, nor so entirely unmingled with better things. But it is this very purity which makes his effusions valuable; for in them the most careless observer may detect the inherent power of words to mystify, and may learn a valuable lesson of distrust, applicable to plausibilities of greater moment, or more cunningly put together. We would not take upon ourselves to declare that there are not orators amongst ourselves possessed of the Vicomte's forty-horse power of jargonizing; but, then, the English language does not lend itself so readily to the process. We are far gone, it is true, in party watchwords, and cut-and-dried formulae of genuine polemical or political no-meaning,—but "nothing like this." We can, therefore, conscientiously recommend these *Memoirs* as a profitable study, and a text-book replete with the choicest flowers of humbug.

We do not exactly know whether, after what we have said, our readers will expect an extract to justify our opinions; but in fairness to the author, we have determined to comply with the custom; and, in so doing, we have endeavoured to select a passage of more than usual import,—one that may be taken as a *parroting* of the opinions of the ultra party, respecting "*leurs amis les ennemis*," and, therefore, not merely the suggestions of one man's perturbed fancy. The author takes a view of the allied powers at the moment previous to the Restoration:—

England [he says] had long retained our princes prisoners (!) The Englishman is ostentatiously generous; but a Machiavellic policy directs his government, which feared that the appearance of a Bourbon in France during that cruel campaign, might reunite all parties, expel the strangers, and so recover for France that supremacy, which it desired to crush, at every hazard. Prussia sought only to aggrandize itself, and repair its losses. Austria dreaded lest, by too suddenly destroying the power she combatted, she should witness its overthrow, before she could establish, on its ruins, the authority of Maria Louisa. A policy, which I will not describe, sacrificed that unfortunate princess, by placing her on the imperial throne. Always attached to this *interested policy*, Austria was, in the first instance, led beyond its mark; and was ultimately obliged to return the crown to its right owner: but she had one only thought in so doing—to dismember the state.

Now comes Russia, our author's prime favourite.

Its prince (Alexander) is generous, and unspoiled by success. He is more occupied with the happiness of the world, than his own personal objects. But not being of enlarged intellect, he is easily influenced, and wants justness of thought. Separated from our territory by large kingdoms, his interest is, that France should remain powerful, and that the two governments, in strict alliance, should impose on the whole European World [i. e. for its happiness]. It is on this account that he has met with so much opposition. In spite of his noble and great qualities, Alexander did us infinite mischief. But let me not seek to censure him, whose moderation was above all praise, and has given him a sacred right to our gratitude. Still, however, what a fine part might this sovereign have played, if, when he left the frozen north, to destroy a power which had tyrannized over the whole world, he had, on entering the capital, been the first to recall the people to that fidelity, which is the chief of all duties. But his ideas were vague; he cared not [maugre his universal philanthropy] what government was given to the country; and it required the morning of the 31st March to decide him—[i. e. the memorable morning of Mademoiselle Sophie, and the white cockades.]

The following particulars of the death of

Louis XVIII. are sufficiently curious to merit quotation. The king was on the point of death.

I found, (says the author) the grand almoner with the Bishop of Hermopolis: these prelates, overcome with sorrow, knew not what step to take. I did not conceal from them the extreme difficulty of speaking to the king on the subject. Louis XVIII. preserved all his faculties, and wished to remain king as long as he thought his duty required it. [Anglicè, as long as he breathed]. Coolly calculating the approaches of death, and certain that he was not deceived in his own sensations, he determined in his own mind all the phases of his situation, and was more than ever decided not to suffer any one whatever to speak to him of his approaching end.

There was but one person who could open the king's eyes; and that person, Madame, was yourself. [Madame de Cayla]. The bishops knew your generous disposition; the difficulty, however, was to get you into the king's presence, the day not being a Wednesday: for never was there such a methodical monarch. At all times happy to see you, he feared, especially at that moment, to derange your habits; lest thereby he should give the smallest alarm as to his condition. Encouraged by these worthy prelates, I promised to do all in my power, the next day, to get the king to see you. I went to inform Mademoiselle of my intention; he approved and thanked me. His Royal Highness felt all the difficulties of the step, for none of the family dared to undertake such a mission.

Stothène succeeded in this important negotiation. The king saw Madame de C—: Madame de C— persuaded him to receive the last offices of the church, like its eldest son as he was. These little points of court etiquette and intrigue are the Vicomte's forte; and they form the most amusing parts of his narrative. Truly, the events and their historian were formed for each other. We have only to add, that the *Memoirs* are composed partly from journals written at the time, and partly from letters which the author wrote to private individuals, or as contributions to the *Quotidienne* newspaper.

The publication is a little out of date: before the Three Days, its appearance would have excited many a hearty laugh in Paris:—it will now drop dead.

*The City of the Sultan, and the Domestic Manners of the Turks in 1836.* By Miss Pardoe. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn.

It is now some ten years since a pair of beauties from the Celestial Empire took the bold step of coming forth from behind "the curtain of mother-of-pearl," to exhibit their almond-shaped eyes, and their nails, each an aristocratic inch long, their "cypress waists" and their jetty tresses, to the audacious stare of a Barbarian public. Their uncle, or protector, or showman, was wont to point out their tottering, crippled, little feet, with a leer of complacent superiority, to such of his guests as came accompanied by their better moiety—and a "Very good—stay at home—cannot go up and down—scamper scamper, as your lady do." That honest, gingerbread-complexioned Yang-Fo, and his sayings, have returned to our minds frequently during the last fortnight; brought thither by the company of lady-travellers, who have simultaneously unloaded their treasures in our library. But we have remembered them according to the rule of contrary—our "Very good!" instead of applying, like *his*, to those who never cross their threshold, save to choose silks for their embroidery, or to gossip away the characters of their comelier neighbours, would be reserved for such as show enterprise in exploring the giant caves or the great lakes of America, or taste in calling public attention to the beauty of the Pyrenees, or courage in daring what few Frank women have dared—visiting the mosques of the "City of the Sultan" at midnight, and in disguise—like Miss Pardoe.

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These volumes are, in short, the work of one who set forth resolute to see, and was not to be daunted by mischances or difficulties in the pursuit of what is curious and characteristic. We find her bandying compliments with Beys and Pachas—presiding at Mussulman dinners, and enjoying their cookery—nestling among the cushions of the Tandour, or partaking of the bath with the Fatimas of a Turkish household, gathering up their prattle, and learning how to manage a *yashmac* as well as the best of them,—mingling, without prejudice, with Jews and Greeks, Turning Dervishes, or state officers termed Macaroni-makers. Her experiences are in themselves curious and interesting; and, making allowance for an occasional redundancy of language, and a tendency to mingle feelings and facts after the fashion of the romance-writer—are most agreeably presented to the public.

Miss Pardoe arrived in Constantinople on the 30th of December 1835, and at once plunged into the female society of that capital, if society that may be called, which consists of mingling with the gaily dressed, uneducated, and gentle creatures of the harems. A pleasant picture of a fast-day during Ramadan, which she passed in a Turkish family, occurs in the second chapter; concluded with a ride in an Araba—

"Its form was that of a small covered waggon; its exterior was all crimson cloth, blue silk fringe, and tassels; and its inside precisely resembled a cake of gilt gingerbread. Four round looking-glasses, just sufficiently large to reflect the features, were impanelled on either side of the doors; and in the place of windows we had gilt lattices, so closely made that our position was the very reverse of cheerful; and, as I found it, moreover, quite impossible to breathe freely, these lattices were flung back despite the cold, and this arrangement being made, I established myself very comfortably on the satin cushions, with my feet doubled under me à la Turque, amid the piled-up luxuries of duvet and embroidery."

In the following chapter the lady is at home among the Turning Dervishes, nay, endeavouring to defend their whirling worship from the charge of absurdity. Further on, we find her emulating it at a Greek ball, but we do not pretend to follow her step by step in her pilgrimage, through shine and shade. Here is a bath scene:—

"Having passed through a small entrance-court, we entered an extensive hall, paved with white marble, and surrounded by a double tier of projecting galleries, supported by pillars; the lower range being raised about three feet from the floor. These galleries were covered with rich carpets, or mattresses, overlaid with chintz or crimson shag, and crowded with cushions; the spaces between the pillars were slightly partitioned off to the height of a few inches; and, when we entered, the whole of the boxes, if I may so call them, were occupied, save the one which had been reserved for us.

"In the centre of the hall, a large and handsome fountain of white marble, pouring its waters into four ample scallop shells, whence they fell again into a large basin with the prettiest and most soothing sound imaginable, was surrounded by four sofas of the same material, on one of which, a young and lovely woman lay pillowed on several costly shawls nursing her infant.

"When I had established myself comfortably among my cushions, I found plenty of amusement for the first half hour in looking about me; and a more singular scene I never beheld. On the left hand of the door of entrance, sat the proprietress of the baths, a beautiful woman of about forty, in a dark turban, and a straight dress of flowered cotton, girt round the waist with a cachemire shawl; her chemise of silk gauze was richly trimmed—her gold snuff-box lay on the sofa beside her—her amber-headed pipe rested against a cushion—and she was amusing herself by winding silk from a small ebony distaff, and taking a prominent part in the conversation; while immediately behind her squatted a negro slave-girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, grinning from ear to ear, and rolling the whites

of her large eyes in ecstasy at all that was going forward.

"The boxes presented the oddest appearance in the world—some of the ladies had returned from the bathing-hall, and were reclining luxuriously upon their sofas, rolled from head to foot in fine white linen, in many instances embroidered and fringed with gold, with their fine hair falling about their shoulders, which their slaves, not quite so closely covered as their mistresses, were drying, combing, perfuming, and plaiting, with the greatest care. Others were preparing for the bath, and laying aside their dresses, or rather suffering them to be laid aside, for few of them extended a hand to assist themselves—whilst the latest comers were removing their *yashmacs* and cloaks and exchanging greetings with their acquaintance.

"As I had previously resolved to visit every part of the establishment, I followed the example of my companion, who had already undergone the fatigue of an Oriental bath, and exchanged my morning dress for a linen wrapper, and loosened my hair: and then, conducted by the Greek waiting-maid who had accompanied me, I walked bare-footed across the cold marble floor to a door at the opposite extremity of the hall, and, on crossing the threshold, found myself in the cooling-room, where groups of ladies were sitting, or lying listlessly on their sofas, enveloped in their white linen wrappers, or preparing for their return to the colder region whence I had just made my escape.

"This second room was filled with hot air, to me, indeed, most oppressively so; but I soon discovered that it was, nevertheless, a cooling-room: when, after having traversed it, and dipped my feet some half dozen times in the little channels of warm water that intersected the floor, I entered the great bathing-place of the establishment—the extensive octagon hall in which all those who do not chuse, or who cannot afford, to pay for a separate apartment, avail themselves, as they find opportunities, of the eight fountains which it contains.

"For the first few moments, I was bewildered; the heavy, dense, sulphureous vapour that filled the place, and almost suffocated me—the wild, shrill cries of the slaves pealing through the reverberating domes of the bathing-halls, enough to awaken the very marble with which they were lined—the subdued laughter, and whispered conversation of their mistresses murmuring along in an under-current of sound—the sight of nearly three hundred women only partially dressed, and that in fine linen so perfectly saturated with vapour, that it revealed the whole outline of the figure—the busy slaves, passing and repassing, naked from the waist upwards, and with their arms folded upon their bosoms, balancing on their heads piles of fringed or embroidered napkins—groups of lovely girls, laughing, chatting, and refreshing themselves with sweetmeats, sherbet, and lemonade—parties of playful children, apparently quite indifferent to the dense atmosphere which made me struggle for breath—and, to crown all, the sudden bursting forth of a chorus of voices into one of the wildest and shrillest of Turkish melodies, that was caught up and flung back by the echoes of the vast hall, making a din worthy of a saturnalia of demons—all combined to form a picture, like the illusory semblance of a phantasmagoria, almost leaving me in doubt whether that on which I looked were indeed reality, or the mere creation of a disordered brain."

And here is a peep at the Sultan in all his glory; at the festival of the Kourban Bairam:

"The troops presented a better appearance in line than I had expected, but Sultan Mahmood has yet much to do if he ever intends to make them look like soldiers. They are dirty, slouching, and awkward; tread inwards from their habit of sitting upon their feet, and march as though they were dragging their slippers after them. The frightful *fez* is pulled down to their very eyebrows, and the ill-cut clothing is composed of the coarsest and dingiest materials."

"I was still gazing at these lovely women, when a party of about thirty field-officers passed the carriage, on their way to their places near the door of the Mosque, at which the Sultan was to enter. They were all similarly attired in surcoat coats of Spanish brown, gathered in large folds at the back of the

waist, and buttoned beneath a cloth strap; a very common and ugly fashion among the Turks; and wore sword-belts richly embroidered with gold. Many among them were some of the stoutest men I ever saw.

"In about five minutes after them, arrived the led horses of the Sultan; and these formed by far the most splendid feature of the procession; they were ten in number, and wore on their heads a *panache* of white and pink ostrich feathers mixed with roses, and fastened down upon the forelock with a clasp of precious stones. Each was attended by a groom, controlling, with some trouble, the curvettings and capers of the pampered animals, who were caparisoned in a style of splendour which, if it have ever been equalled, can certainly never have been surpassed. Their housings, which were either of silk or velvet, all differing the one from the other, were embroidered with gold and silver, large pearls, and jewels. One of them bore, on a ground of myrtle-coloured velvet, the cypher of the Sultan wrought in brilliants, and surrounded by a garland of flowers formed of rubies, emeralds, and topaz. Another housing, of rich lilac silk, was worked at the corners with a cluster of musical instruments in diamonds and large pearls, and, as the sunshine flashed upon it, it was like a blaze of light. The remainder were equally magnificent; and the well-padded saddles of crimson or green velvet were decorated with stirrups of chased gold, while the bridles, whose embroidered reins hung low upon the necks of the animals, were one mass of gold and jewels.

"The Sultan's stud was succeeded by the Seraskier Pasha in state, mounted on a tall grey horse (whose elaborate accoutrements were only inferior to those that I have attempted to describe,) and surrounded and followed by a dozen attendants on foot: his diamond-hilted sword—the rings upon his hands—the star in front of his *fez*, and the orders on his breast, were perfectly dazzling.

"At intervals of about a minute, all the great officers of state passed in the same order, and according to their respective ranks; and at length we heard the welcome sounds of the Imperial band, which struck up the Sultan's Grand March, as Mahmoud the Powerful, the Brother of the Sun and Emperor of the East, passed the gates of the court.

"First came twelve running footmen, in richly laced uniforms, and high military caps; and these were succeeded by the twenty body pages, who were splendidly dressed, and wore in their chakos, plumes, or rather *crêtes* of stiff feathers, intermixed with artificial flowers of immense size, and originally invented to conceal the face of the Sultan as he passed along, and thus screen him from the Evil Eye! But his present Sublime Highness is not to be so easily scared into concealment, and the pages who were wont to surround his predecessors merely precede him, while a crowd of military officers supply their place, one walking at each of his stirrups, and the rest a little in the rear.

"As this was the first occasion on which I had seen the Sultan, I leant eagerly forward upon my cushions to obtain a good view of him; and I saw before me, at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards at the utmost, a man of noble physiognomy and graceful bearing, who sat his horse with gentleman-like ease, and whose countenance was decidedly prepossessing. He wore in his *fez* an aigrette of diamonds, sustaining a cluster of peacock's feathers; an ample blue cloak was flung across his shoulders, whose collar was one mass of jewels, and on the third finger of his bridle hand glittered the largest brilliant that I ever remember to have seen.

"As he moved forward at a foot's pace, loud shouts of 'Long live Sultan Mahmood!' ran along the lines, and were re-echoed by the crowd, but he did not acknowledge the greeting, though his eyes wandered on all sides, until they fell upon our party, when a bright smile lit up his features, and for the first time he turned his head, and looked long and fixedly at us. In the next instant, he bent down, and said something in a subdued voice to the officer who walked at his stirrup, who, with a low obeisance, quitted his side, and hastily made his way through the crowd, until he reached our carriage, to the astonishment and terror of a group of Turkish women who had ensconced themselves almost under it; and, bowing to my father, who still stood bare-

headed beside us, he inquired of one of the servants who I was, and what had brought me to Constantinople; the Sultan, meanwhile, looking back continually, and smiling in the same goodhumoured and condescending manner.

"The reply was simple—I was an Englishwoman, and had accompanied my father to Turkey, for the purpose of seeing the country; and, having received this answer, the messenger again saluted us, and withdrew."

We must conclude our extracts for the present with an account of the stolen visit to the mosques, already alluded to. A firman to view them, as all the world knows, is a favour granted rarely, and to magnificent personages; Miss Pardoe, however, preferred running the risk of her life, to returning home with her curiosity ungratified. A young Bey volunteered to be her conductor.

"I at once understood that the attempt must be made in a Turkish dress; but this fact was of trifling importance, as no costume in the world lends itself more readily or more conveniently to the purposes of disguise. After having deliberately weighed the chances for and against detection, I resolved to run the risk; and accordingly I stained my eyebrows with some of the dye common in the harem; concealed my female attire beneath a magnificent pelisse, lined with sable, which fastened from my chin to my feet; pulled a *fez* low upon my brow; and, preceded by a servant with a lantern, attended by the Bey, and followed by the Kâira and a pipe-bearer, at half-past ten o'clock I sallied forth on my adventurous errand."

"If we escape from St. Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt; we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no Infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discovered, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces."

"At length we entered the spacious court of the mosque, and as the servants stooped to withdraw my shoes, the Bey murmured in my ear: 'Be firm, or you are lost!'—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear, which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *fez* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed."

"On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed a broad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down, holding in front of them their little metal basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounged to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaiting the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrank back before the blaze of light that burst upon me."

"Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the stupendous dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues; the Imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refugency, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!"

"As I stood a few paces within the doorway, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice—I looked forward, upward—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it."

"And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment—the light—the ringing

voices—the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze—the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their foreheads to the earth—the bright and various colours of the dresses—and the rich and glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on, but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fall to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void."

"I had forgotten everything in the mere exercise of vision;—the danger of detection—the flight of time—almost my own identity—when my companion uttered the single word '*Ge! Come!*'—and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court."

"In ten minutes more we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and, ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple."

"Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, this mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe, much greater than that which I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour—four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps, even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the Faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our appearance; the chanting was wilder and shriller than that which I had just heard at St. Sophia; it sounded to me, in fact, more like the delirious outcry, which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic Priestesses, than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings."

"We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps; and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir;—we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventure, to which I responded a most heartfelt '*Amen!*'—and in less than an hour, I cast off my *fez* and my pelisse in the harem of—Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates: '*I have seen the mosques!*'"

On a subsequent occasion, Miss Pardoe had an opportunity of taking a more deliberate survey of these singular buildings; but we must leave the account of this and a host of descriptions equally graphic (among others an ascent of Mount Olympus), and pass on to other matters.

*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*  
Vol. III. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray.

This third volume commences with the removal from Ashiestiel to Abbotsford in 1812—includes the publication of *Rokeby*—the *Bridal of Triermain*—the new edition of *Swift's Works*, and his *Life—Waverley*—(how is it that Miss Edgeworth's clever letter is not inserted?)—The Lord of the Isles—Guy Mannering—Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk, and The Field of Waterloo, closing in the year 1815. It contains much fresh and pleasant correspondence, addressed to Mr. Morritt, the Duke of Buccleuch, and "Sister Joanna"; and the diary kept by the Great Unknown, when surveying the Western Isles, in company with the Light-house Commissioners, and unconsciously gathering materials for '*The Pirate*.' It contains, too, much that is painful: a long detail of difficulties in which the connexion with the Ballantynes involved the poet;—how can our hearts but ache, to find him, when harassed

by incessant drains on his purse and his patience, pleading—"For God's sake, treat me as a man, and not as a milch cow"? As to matter essentially interesting from its novelty, it falls short of its predecessors: as to the manner in which this is combined and wrought up, we are sorry to say, that Mr. Lockhart, in place of attempting a coherent, well-proportioned, and philosophical biography, which should be entitled to a permanent place on our library shelves, seems to have aimed at (and surely has effected little beyond) collecting the materials for such a work.

We shall only extract a few fragments: the first, from a letter addressed to the Marquis of Hertford, shows the poet in a position at once manly and amiable:—

"My Lord,—I am this day honoured with your Lordship's letter of the 31st August, tendering for my acceptance the situation of poet laureate in the Royal Household. I shall always think it the highest honour of my life to have been the object of the good opinion implied in your Lordship's recommendation, and in the gracious acquiescence of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. I humbly trust I shall not forfeit sentiments so highly valued, although I find myself under the necessity of declining, with every acknowledgment of respect and gratitude, a situation above my deserts, and offered to me in a manner so very flattering. The duties attached to the office of poet laureate are not indeed very formidable, if judged of by the manner in which they have sometimes been discharged. But an individual selected from the literary characters of Britain, upon the honourable principle expressed in your Lordship's letter, ought not, in justice to your Lordship, to his own reputation, but above all to his Royal Highness, to accept of the office, unless he were conscious of the power of filling it respectably, and attaining to excellence in the execution of the tasks which it imposes. This confidence I am so far from possessing, that, on the contrary, with all the advantages which do now, and I trust ever will, present themselves to the poet whose task it may be to commemorate the events of his Royal Highness's administration, I am certain I should feel myself inadequate to the fitting discharge of the regularly recurring duty of periodical composition, and should thus at once disappoint the expectation of the public, and, what would give me still more pain, discredit the nomination of his Royal Highness."

"Will your Lordship permit me to add, that though far from being wealthy, I already hold two official situations in the line of my profession, which afford a respectable income. It becomes me, therefore, to avoid the appearance of engrossing one of the few appointments which seem specially adapted for the provision of those whose lives have been dedicated exclusively to literature, and who too often derive from their labours more credit than emolument."

In the following letter we find him writing, like a lover, of what he elsewhere calls his "villa work"—of the Strawberry Hill of the Tweed.

"No sooner had I corrected the last sheet of *Rokeby*, than I escaped to this Patmos as blithe as bird on tree, and have been ever since most decidedly idle—that is to say, with busy idleness. I have been banking, and securing, and dyking against the river, and planting willows, and aspens, and weeping birches, around my new old well, which I think I told you I had constructed last summer. I have now laid the foundations of a famous back-ground of copse, with pendant trees in front; and I have only to beg a few years to see how my colours will come out of the canvass. Alas! who can promise that? But somebody will take my place—and enjoy them, whether I do or no. My old friend and pastor, Principal Robertson (the historian), when he was not expected to survive many weeks, still watched the setting of the blossom upon some fruit-trees in the garden, with as much interest as if it was possible he could have seen the fruit come to maturity, and moralized on his own conduct, by observing that we act upon the same inconsistent motive throughout life. It is well we do so for those that are to come after us. I could almost dislike the man who refuses to plant walnut-trees, because they do not bear fruit

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all the second generation; and so—many thanks to our ancestors, and much joy to our successors, and true to my fine and very new strain of morality.  
W.S.”

Here he is, at the table of the Prince Regent:—

“On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March, the Prince said:—‘Let me know when he comes, and I’ll get up a snug little dinner that will suit him;’ and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levee*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam also as to the composition of the party. ‘Let us have,’ said he, ‘just a few friends of his own—and the more Scotch the better;’ and both the Chief Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York—the late Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly)—the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth)—the Earl of Fife—and Scott’s early friend Lord Melville. ‘The Prince and Scott,’ says Mr. Croker, ‘were the two most brilliant story-tellers in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table.’ The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet’s anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes capped by ludicrous traits of certain ermined sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this:—Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak, so the Justice-Clerk said:—‘Well, Donald, I must e’en come back this gate in the harvest, and let the game lie over for the present;’ and back he came in October, but not to his old friend’s hospitable house; for that gentleman had, in the interim, been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest’s auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat, (which answers the black cap in England,) and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms:—‘To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul.’ Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him, in a sort of chuckling whisper:—‘And now, Donald, my man, I think I’ve checkmated you for a’nce.’ The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen’s brutal humour; and ‘I faith, Walter,’ said he, ‘this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don’t you remember Tom Moore’s description of me at breakfast—

The table spread with tea and toast,  
Death-warrants and the Morning Post?”

“Towards midnight, the Prince called for ‘a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of *Waverley*,’ and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, ‘Your royal highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions, but shall take good care that the real

Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him.’ He then drank off his claret, and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness exclaimed, ‘Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of *Marmion*—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *a’nce*.’ The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as ‘alike grave and graceful.’ This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape. I now give it on the authority of my venerated friend, who was—unlike, perhaps, some others of the company at that hour—able to hear accurately, and content to see *single*. He adds, that having occasion, the day after, to call on the Duke of York, his Royal Highness said to him—‘upon my word, Adam, my brother went rather too near the wind about *Waverley*—but nobody could have turned the thing more prettily than Walter Scott did—and upon the whole I never had better fun.’

“The Regent, as was his custom with those he most delighted to honour, uniformly addressed the poet, even at their first dinner, by his Christian name, ‘Walter.’”

With this courtly scene we shut the book.

*The Eastern Seas, or Voyages and Adventures in the Indian Archipelago in 1832-33-34.*  
By George Windsor Earl, M.R.A.S.

[Second Notice.]

BORNEO appears designed by nature to be the richest country in the world. Its soil is extremely fertile—it is watered by numerous fine rivers—and, in addition to these more ordinary advantages, it possesses peculiar treasures in its mines of gold and diamonds. Though situated immediately beneath the equator, and overgrown in a great measure with thick forests, yet such is the genial influence of the sea-breezes, which continually fan its shores, that it has escaped the reproach of insalubrity. Its coasts produce, in the greatest abundance, the trepang or sea-slug, and the edible birds’ nests, which, from the high price they bear in China, may be ranked among the most important articles of trade. It is remarkable, that so highly-favoured an island, where the gorgeous East, in an especial manner,

Showers on her sons barbaric pearl and gold,

should have been so feebly coveted by European nations, and that the acquisition of it should never have been made the steady object of their policy. Its magnitude, perhaps, was too great for the narrow contemplation of monopolists, and its trade was comparatively neglected, because it could not be engrossed. The subjugation or extirpation of its numerous indigenous tribes were quite hopeless: and, as to the possibility of reaping commercial benefits from their improved condition, or of dealing advantageously with them in any other relation than that of despotic masters, it is altogether a discovery of the present age of wonders, and has not as yet become sufficiently vulgarized to be of much practical utility.

The English established themselves in the latter half of the last century in the little island of Balambangan, near the northern coast of Borneo; but the feeble settlement gave offence to the trading communities on the opposite mainland, and was destroyed by them at a single blow. The Dutch made themselves masters of Banjarmassin on the southern coast, which, with their other eastern possessions, afterwards fell into the hands of the English. The west coast was also ceded to them in 1780, by the king of Bantan in Java, who pretended to have a claim to it, and some factories were established there in consequence; but the restrictive system of the Dutch caused so much discontent among the Malays and Chinese established on the coast,

and was so vigorously opposed by those industrious settlers, that the attempt to trade with them proved futile, and the factories were removed. In 1823 the Dutch returned to the west coast, and purchased from the Sultan of Pontiana, the monopoly of his diamond mines. The commercial competition of the Chinese, who have been long established on that coast, they endeavour to put down forcibly—their right, in this case, having obviously no better basis than might. From these prefatory remarks on the trade and political relations of Borneo, we shall now proceed to the most interesting portion of our author’s narrative. Mr. Earl went, we believe, originally as a settler to Western Australia, but, being dissatisfied with the prospects which there met his eye, he took his departure for the Indian Archipelago, without any defined plan of future operations.

The effects of the bad climate of Batavia had made him resolve on returning to Europe, but his health being restored by his residence in Singapore, and his attention called to the commercial capabilities of the Indian Archipelago during his voyage to Siam, he was ready to seize any opportunity of improving his acquaintance with that interesting portion of the world. A suitable occasion soon presented itself, which he thus relates:—

“In the month of February 1834, a report having been brought to Singapore that the people of a Chinese colony on the west coast of Borneo were anxious to establish a permanent commercial intercourse with the settlement, some mercantile men at Singapore, chiefly Chinese, decided on fitting out an expedition to that part, and the conduct of it having been offered to, and accepted by me, I took the command of the British schooner *Stanford*, and received on board a cargo consisting of opium, tea, and other articles, to exchange for the produce of the gold mines of Borneo.”

The schooner in which he sailed was under eighty tons burden, and therefore well adapted for the navigation of a coast but little known: her moderate size, nevertheless, and want of force, exposed her more to the insults of the Dutch authorities. The little vessel carried, besides a crew of thirty-five Javanese, eight Chinese, two of whom were mercantile agents or interpreters; the others were engaged to weigh the cargo and assay the gold which was expected to be received:—

“From the information that I was enabled to collect (says Mr. Earl), I learned that the Dutch had two small settlements on the west coast of Borneo, on the banks of the two principal rivers, one at Pontiana, in latitude 0° 2’ south, and the other at Sambas in latitude 1° 13’ north, being about ninety miles apart. The Chinese colony to which we were bound, occupied the country between these two settlements, and I could not learn at Singapore in what relation the Dutch and Chinese stood towards each other. An English ship had visited this part of the coast in 1827, but I could meet with no one who possessed information respecting her proceedings, which I regretted the more as Sinkawan, which I understood to be the chief seaport town of the Chinese, was not laid down in the charts.”

On reaching the coast of Borneo, Mr. Earl easily groped his way to the Chinese town of Sinkawan, situated on a creek at a little distance from the shore. But he discovered that the Dutch, whose cruisers were hovering along the coast, did not allow the Chinese to trade, unless through their intervention. He was therefore obliged to proceed to the Dutch factory up the river Sambas, to make some arrangement with the Resident respecting the object of his voyage. He thus relates his excursion:—

“On the afternoon of the 12th of March, I left the schooner in the gig, with four men and a Chinese clerk, for the purpose of visiting Sambas, to endeavour to make some arrangement with the Dutch resident. The body of water poured out by the

river was immense, and I formed a high opinion of the capabilities of a country which possessed so noble a stream. After entering the river, a long straight reach stretched before us at least three miles wide, which appeared like a channel between two lands, its length being so great that the end of the reach could not be perceived. The banks were thickly covered with tall trees, and not a house, not a patch of cultivated ground, nor a single living animal, served to remind us that other beings existed besides ourselves. An almost perfect silence prevailed, which was only broken by the dull noise of the oars as they moved in the rullocks. At dusk in the evening I was aroused to the contemplation of our present situation, which was by no means an agreeable one. Night was setting in, and we had yet twenty miles to go before we should arrive at a human habitation, while our route would oblige us to turn off into a minor branch of the river, fourteen miles from the mouth; and having only the general directions given to us by the Malays at Sinkawan, to guide our movements, the probabilities were much in favour of our going astray.

"At ten o'clock at night we entered a tributary branch of the river, about a hundred yards wide, which we concluded to be that on which the town of Sambas is situated. We had not proceeded more than a mile, before we heard the sound of an approaching boat, and from the noise made by the paddles, we were convinced that it contained a great number of people. As, in these large rivers, every man that is encountered is an enemy, we stopped pulling, and shot under the shade of the bank, the boat passing down the centre of the river without the people in her perceiving us. We met with no further adventure during the night, except the disturbance caused by some large animal, as we were passing close to the bank, which, from the peculiar noise it made, the men supposed to be an orang-outan. Whatever it was, it must have possessed prodigious strength, for it shook a small tree on the banks with great violence, apparently with the utmost ease. We heard the snorting of this creature for some time after we had passed on, but he did not follow the boat.

"Soon after daylight in the morning, we arrived at Sambas, much to the delight of the whole party. The poor men did not appear to be greatly fatigued, although they had been pulling, with little intermission, for seventeen hours, during which time we must have passed over at least sixty miles of ground, although the actual distance between the schooner and the town, was not more than forty."

"I found Mr. Rumsink, the Dutch resident, at his house, and he informed me that, according to the tenor of his instructions from the Batavian government, he could allow me to have no commercial intercourse with the Chinese territory from Sinkawan; but he offered to assist me as much as possible should I bring my vessel to Sambas, the port having lately been made free to vessels of all flags."

The European community of Sambas consisted of four individuals, exclusive of the private soldiers. Nothing can be imagined more dismal and monotonous than the life they lead in this sequestered spot, in the midst of thick forests, and almost wholly cut off from all communication with the civilized world—for they hear from Batavia only once a year. The arrival of Mr. Earl's schooner was an event, and gave rise to much festivity. Sambas has no charms of a local kind wherewith to cheer the drooping spirits, or to beguile the tedious hours by engaging the contemplation of its handful of exiles:—

"The town of Sambas presents (says our author) rather a mean appearance, since it did not possess a single habitation built of stone or other substantial material. The houses occupied by the government officers are low wooden buildings, covered with thatch, and destitute of an upper story; and the huts of the natives are chiefly raised on posts, near the banks of the river, while many are erected on floats as at Siam, the latter being generally shops for the sale of articles of Malay consumption.

"The Chinese campong, which runs parallel with the river, forms the only street in the town, there being no communication between the houses of the

Malays, except by means of the river. Every habitation, therefore, possesses one or more canoes, which are fastened to the ladder by which the inmates descend.

"The fort, or rather stockade, is composed of a fence of poles banked up on the inside, enclosing the barracks of the soldiers, about forty in number, a moiety being Europeans. A few nine-pounder guns are mounted on the embankment.

"There is no carriage road in the whole country, nor a single horse or beast of burthen, the numerous rivers affording so much facility of communication with the inland parts, that the want of either is not greatly felt, while, from the soft nature of the alluvial soil near the river, and the number of streams and water-courses which intersect the country, the formation of a road would be a work of great labour and expense.

"Although the country in the vicinity of Sambas is low, swampy, and covered with impenetrable jungle, the climate is considered healthy."

The description here given of Sambas, would probably suit, with little modification, all the other maritime towns on the island. Banjer-massin has been described to us by an officer of the Indian navy, and one well acquainted with the eastern seas. The greater part of the town floats on the river, being moored along the banks. Another portion is built on stakes over the water, each dwelling having its canoe, which, when not in use, is tied beneath the house. The river, which is of great width, is fenced on both sides by impenetrable forests, the trees sometimes standing in two-fathom water, and the jungle within the trees so thick, that landing is quite out of the question. The crew of a vessel cast away in one of these rivers, could never reach the shore, without the guidance of the natives. Numberless narrow channels, from which the light of day is completely excluded by the trees above, intersect the country in all directions.

Mr. Earl, on his return from Sambas to Sinkawan, was gratified to find there an invitation to visit the inland town of Montradok, the capital of the Chinese colony. The first part of his route lay across a swamp, over which a practicable, though difficult, path was formed by trunks of trees, laid lengthwise, in succession. The next stage of the journey shall be described in our author's own words:—

"After crossing the swamp, we ascended a hill, and, on arriving at the top, a sudden turn of the path brought to view one of the finest prospects I had ever beheld. Immediately below us stretched an extensive valley, teeming with cultivation and covered with villages and cottages; the Sinkawan river, here about fifteen yards wide, winding through it. The south-east side of the valley was bounded by a range of mountains, about fifteen hundred feet in elevation; but to the north-west, the ground stretched in gentle undulations as far as the eye could reach.

"Our path led through a series of gardens, which, in addition to many kinds of culinary vegetables, produced sugar cane, maize, plantains, and a variety of fruits. After a delightful walk through the valley for about three miles, crossing the river several times by means of wooden bridges, we arrived at the large village where we were to breakfast. The street was crowded with people, who left a small space in the centre for us to pass on to the court-house, where I found the Kung Se had prepared an excellent repast, having been informed of my intended visit by a messenger, who had been sent to Montradok from the coast the previous night."

"Many of the farmers' cottages were built of unburnt bricks, and covered with thatch, and being invariably surrounded and shaded by fruit trees, they bore a stronger resemblance to those which adorn an English landscape than any habitations I had seen since my departure from my own home.

"Houses for the entertainment of travellers were erected at intervals on the road-side, and at noon we entered one of them to rest ourselves, and to partake of some refreshment. The landlady, a Chinese,

about forty years old, who had the sole direction of the household affairs, was the most obliging individual whom I met with on the journey, the selection of the house by the guides having probably been made on account of the known excellence of her disposition."

The town of Montradok, though small, bears evidence, nevertheless, of belonging to an orderly and laborious community. The gold is found in its vicinity, disseminated in grains through a thin stratum of clay from eight to fifteen feet beneath the surface. It is made up for commerce in small paper parcels of ascertained value. Our author does not inform us what quantity of gold is annually collected by the Chinese at Montradok, a point which was certainly worth inquiry. He was informed that the diamonds are found further in the interior, in veins precisely similar to those of the gold. The Sultan of Mattan, in Borneo, possesses an uncut diamond, but little inferior in value to that of the Emperor of Russia, which latter is valued at 300,000*l*.

This expedition of our author was, he informs us, decidedly successful in a pecuniary point of view; but it proved, at the same time, that the jealousy of the Dutch would always prevent the development of such an active commerce, as would sustain itself through all risks, or creditably employ large capitals. Mr. Earl, while at Sambas, was subjected to all the insult and annoyance of a system of close espionage; and the Chinese governor who invited him to Montradok, was reprimanded for that act of civility. But we have already spoken of our author's hostility to the Dutch; and his altercations with them at Sambas must here give way to some general observations on the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, and the strangers who colonize its shores:—

"The island of Borneo bears the same relation to Eastern India, that the continent of America bears to Europe, being a country in which the various tribes inhabiting the further east may find a refuge from religious persecution, or escape the disadvantages of over-population in the mother country. Thus we find the coasts of the island to be inhabited by several nations, totally unconnected with each other, governed by their own laws, and adopting their own peculiar manners and customs. The west coast is occupied by Malays and Chinese; the north-west coast by the half-caste descendants of the Moors of Western India; the north part by the Cochinese; the north-east coast by the Sulus; and the east and south coasts by the Bugis tribes of Celebes. In addition to these, there are no fewer than three distinct tribes, living in prahus, and wandering about the shores of the island: the Lanuns from Magindano; and the Orang-Badju and Orang-Tidong, source unknown. Except on a few spots on the north-west coast, where the Dyaks are to be met with near the sea, the aboriginal tribes have all retired into the interior."

The Chinese settled at Montradok and elsewhere, on the western coast of Borneo, are almost all from the lowest class of the inhabitants of Canton. But, so far from betraying the lowliness of their origin by licentiousness or insubordination, they have framed for themselves a form of government of a representative kind, which bids fair, under ordinary circumstances, to rear up these Chinese colonies to a degree of civilization far beyond that of the mother country. Great numbers of Cochinese, who are among the most industrious and least corrupt of eastern nations, have recently settled on the north-west coast of Borneo, and their commerce, if protected and encouraged by a civilized power, may soon rise into importance. But the most interesting portion of the population of Borneo, is that composed of the aboriginal tribes of the Dyaks. Our author describes them as resembling in features the Cochinese. The Dyak countenance, he says, is highly prepossessing, and Dyak women

are often, in personal appearance, beautiful. The first of the recent tances. The fomented always ready of adding a

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"In 1823 southern Br fifty miles, been made information a gentleman mately acqu it was entrue the river lake, twenty the depth of waters of the layu, or th stored with near the ce name of Va Dutch Ind lake, above only one h would be re it possesses heights of cending the one of whic latitude was from the w and forty m banks, but rior descri ascertain. anxiously l more accur island. Th keeping th able to coo the Archipe interesting hensible po

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are often, in face as well as figure, extremely beautiful. These people, notwithstanding their personal recommendations, their obvious docility and disposition to improve, have, unfortunately, certain errors of education, which make them, in the first instance, very formidable acquaintances. They have a passion for human skulls, fomented by superstition and by usage, and are always ready to commit a murder for the sake of adding another skull to their store.

Before we quit Borneo, we must extract from our author the brief accounts which he gives of the recent attempts made to explore its interior. The first of these was from the western side:—

"In 1823 a party from Pontiana ascended the southern branch to the distance of two hundred and fifty miles, but no account of the expedition having been made public, I was obliged to procure all the information which I could obtain concerning it from a gentleman at Sambas, who happened to be intimately acquainted with the person to whose conduct it was entrusted. At the point to which they ascended the river was found to open out into an extensive lake, twenty-five miles in length, and nine in breadth, the depth of water exceeding three fathoms. The waters of this lake, which is called the Danau Malayu, or the Malay lake, were found to be well stored with excellent fish. There are two islands near the centre, to one of which the party gave the name of Van Der Capellen, after the governor of Dutch India at that time. The elevation of this lake, above the level of the sea, was estimated at only one hundred feet; but, as a much greater height would be required to give the stream the force which it possesses, in all probability the perpendicular heights of the falls the travellers met with on ascending the river must only have been calculated, one of which was upwards of twenty-five feet. Its latitude was estimated at 1° 5' N., and its distance from the west coast, in a straight line, at a hundred and forty miles. Many Dyaks were found upon its banks, but whether they possessed vessels of a superior description to those on the rivers, I could not ascertain. Every lover of geographical science must anxiously look forward to the speedy attainment of more accurate knowledge respecting this interesting island. The conduct of the Dutch authorities, in keeping the information secret which they have been able to collect concerning the various countries of the Archipelago, the details of which would prove so interesting to science, does not form the least reprehensible portion of their transactions in the east."

The other attempt was made from the eastern side of the island:—

"In the year 1825, an expedition was sent from Batavia by the Dutch government to explore the Coti river, and to traverse the island to the opposite coast. The party thus employed met with the fate which must inevitably befall exploring expeditions sent by the Dutch into the countries not immediately under their subjection, and in which the fame of their deeds has arrived before them. Major Müller, a gentleman who had been employed in the like capacity on the opposite coast, was placed at the head of the expedition, the remainder of the party consisting of twenty-four Javanese soldiers,—a sufficient number to excite suspicion on the part of the Bugis, but inadequate to afford protection in the event of an attack. On arriving at Coti, Major Müller made an arrangement with the Sultan, by which the latter agreed to permit the Dutch to settle there, and monopolize the commerce, for the annual payment into the Sultan's treasury of eighty thousand guilders. When this compact came to the knowledge of the Pangerans, they remonstrated so strongly with the Sultan, that he regretted having made the agreement; and, to prevent its being acted upon, determined to cause M. Müller and his party to be destroyed, as no evidence of the fact would then remain. One of the Bugis Pangerans was therefore sent with the party as a guide, who, with the assistance of the Dyak boatmen, treacherously murdered the greater number, a few of the Javanese alone being spared.

"Two years after this occurrence, Mr. Dalton, an Englishman, arrived at Coti in a Bugis prahu from Singapore, on a trading speculation; and he pene-

trated some distance into the interior, where he remained among the Dyaks about fifteen months. During this period, he resided chiefly at Tongarron, the capital of the most powerful Dyak chief, who adopted him as a brother, by means of a ceremony in use among all the Dyak tribes, in which each party drinks a small portion of the blood of the other, mixed in a cup of water. Ties of this description are more sacred than those of consanguinity, a very fortunate circumstance for those Europeans who may visit the country, since the chiefs show the greatest readiness in forming these bonds of brotherhood, and will afterwards protect their *sabat* at the risk of their own lives."

Tongarron may be estimated to be about 150 miles up the river; and, according to Mr. Dalton, the Dyaks have a large town, called Marpow, 400 (more probably 200) miles higher up on its banks.

Mr. Earl devotes three chapters to the description of Singapore and of its commerce; but we doubt whether we should be justified in following the example he has set us, of enlarging a slender theme with political discussions. The island of Singapore, situated near the extremity of the Malayan Peninsula, is not above sixty miles in circumference; but, small as it is, its interior, covered with woods, is wholly unknown to its British possessors. It was purchased by the East India Company, at the instance of Sir Stamford Raffles, and made a free port; and, such was the effect on the Chinese and other eastern merchants, of a complete emancipation from the torment of Custom House inquisitors, that the little fishing village of Singapore became, in a few years, the most flourishing city in the Eastern Seas, its port being constantly crowded with vessels from all parts of the world. It has, at present, about 21,000 inhabitants, of whom not more than 120 are Europeans. This enumeration does not include the adjoining villages, one of which, a few miles in the interior, is entirely occupied by Chinese of suspected character, chiefly the refuse of the emigrants, and who are not above seeking a livelihood by robbery. Another village, near the port, is inhabited by Malays, engaged in the piratical profession. All the channels between the neighbouring islands are filled with pirates, who lie in wait for the native vessels. But these dangers are not sufficient to deter the Chinese, Malays, Bugis of Celebes, Siamese, and other natives of the east, from hastening with their goods to Singapore, to meet the Hindûs, the Armenians, the English, and Americans from the west. The establishment of Singapore was, in the first instance, reluctantly sanctioned by the British government; and, now that the experiment has fully succeeded, the commerce of the place is inadequately protected. Yet Singapore has, in one year, taken British goods to the value of 340,000*l.*, and this channel of commerce must still be considered to be in progress of development. We cannot agree with Mr. Earl, when he says, that it has passed its maximum, and is now on the decline. The diminution of the imports, from which he draws his conclusion, does not exceed the ordinary limits of the partial fluctuations of trade, and besides, is easily referable to the opening of the trade with China, and other derangements of the old system. But these are only momentary disturbances, little capable of shaking the solid foundations on which the prosperity of Singapore is fixed.

Mr. Earl has added a supplement to his volume, for the purpose of showing the necessity of re-establishing the settlement made by Capt. Barker at Port Raffles, on the northern coast of Australia. We shall not follow him through his arguments on this subject, because we believe it to be needless. We learn, from good authority, that it is the determination of our government to esta-

blish a colony at Port Raffles. Our author's zeal for the welfare of the natives of the Indian Archipelago, is highly commendable; but we fear, that offering the suggestions of philanthropy to statesmen is little better than pouring water into the tubs of the Danaïdes. The good which the philanthropist contemplates is of slower growth than the usual profits of trade; the merchant, therefore, cares little for it. On the other hand, the governments of free and enlightened countries are the most likely to adopt principles which are favourable to humanity; but these governments are, in their nature, tardy and circumspect, and quite free from any kind of enthusiasm. They follow (for the most part wisely) far behind in the wake of public opinion, avoiding censure rather than seeking praise, and care but little for a far-sighted policy, the scope of which is more distant than the probable tenure of power of the ministers who adopt it. Thus, we fear that, to the end of time, historians will have to lament the supineness of statesmen in all that regards the improvement of barbarous nations. It is obviously of the highest importance to our general welfare, that every member of the human family should be a useful member; but, in seeking this great end, statesmen appear to have always committed themselves to the guidance of Dulness—

*Obliquely waddling to the mark in view.*

*Sketches in the Pyrenees.* By the Author of 'Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine,' &c. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

AMONG the thousand essays at painting scenery and character put forth by every holiday tourist, who ascends the Rhine or crosses the Alps, or rides on mule-back over the Sierras of beautiful distracted Spain, how few prove to be anything better than mere daubs of colour. We are, indeed, often tempted, before opening a new book of sketches, to utter a growl like Johnson's, "Madam, I hate green trees." But when a Beckford, by the magic of his words, brings before us Venice, sleeping in the purple sunset, or astir with carnival folk, "all under the moon"—or when Cooper writes of the great lakes and rivers of America, its forests and its farm-houses, with a tint and a touch in every letter, so that the completed sentence forms a fresh, peopled landscape—or when (as in the present instance) a less powerful, but still lively Anonymous, transports us among the Pyrenees, by the force of a ready hand, guided by a poetical eye and heart—our eagerness to admire, and our willingness to praise, are in proportion to the satiety and misgiving with which we applied ourselves to the task of perusal.

In short, this is a charming picture-book:—its lady writer, making allowance for a few affectations, describes, in clear, richly coloured language, and knows how to fix upon such assemblages of objects as group well. She has an inkling after marvels and superstitions, a ready, but not pedantic, memory for historical associations. We can hardly open its pages amiss: Tours—Chatellerault—Angoulême, &c., sit for their pictures, in turn, as she travels through France. Here is an evening scene at the second-mentioned place:—

"We find the Vienne again at Chatellerault, flowing under a handsome stone bridge, and making an agreeable picture. Its smooth surface is covered with country craft. Long boats, of a graceful form with square sails, spread out their whiteness in the evening sun, catching the lights which, intercepted by higher objects no longer, sparkle on the current; while a water-cart, with its patient horse up to the shoulders in the river, and three grey posters knee-deep in a shallower part, lashing at the flies with their long tails, help out a quiet evening scene, transparently coloured; to which the white houses

on the opposite quay, with their light girdling of vine-leaves, give an agreeable finish.

"But the people here are the best part of the picture. Before a Blacksmith's shop, that happens to be in front of our windows, a group is at this moment formed, which would give pleasant work to a quick-sketching pencil. Two rough horses, with high-padded saddles, compose its centre; one is held by a woman in the wide-lappeted cap of the country, her smoothly-divided black hair appearing under it, and a bright mixture of blue and scarlet forming the prominent hues of her dress. A man, who had just dismounted from the other beast,—wild, olive-coloured, and picturesque as a Spanish muleteer, leans against a post; and while the blacksmith's operation is going on, gives a passing word to a venerable elder mounted on a fine mule, and inserted between two well-stuffed bales that swell up before and behind him. His beaver is aristocratically large, his coat pale fawn-colour, waistcoat light blue, and stockings a pure country white. While they talk, the horse is shod; and the woman, springing up like the false Teresa Panza on her steed, throws one leg over the saddle, and fixing herself firmly in the seat, unfolds a large cloth petticoat, split up behind and before, ties it on, and letting it fall over each side, presents the most decent appearance possible.

"Charming old carriages: an inappreciable demi-fortune,\* as large as a town coach and a half, just passes, drawn by a superb mule; and in it a fair creature reading in the midst of five or six others, with a full-blown rose—a natural one—in her hair. Carts, all drawn by oxen; no horses, were they as plump and mottled as the best ever turned out by Rubens, could become a country cart as oxen do.—Every moment some merry lassie, or grave dame, jogs by on her mule, the split petticoat thrown scrupulously over her muscular proportions, and a freight of brooms or other household articles strapped behind; for this being market-day, all are purchasers. Two girls on one horse, both very smart and one pretty, with a lappeted matron brown and fierce as a Cherokee chief in the van, trot down the street at this moment; the girls chattering like two plotting magpies, and the matron every now and then turning round her copper-coloured visage to see that all is right, and the green cloth petticoat duly arranged."

We had marked, as a companion-picture, the fête-dieu at Cavignac (p. 97); but if we stop as often as tempted, we shall never reach the Pyrenees. The authoress lingers long at Bordeaux, and describes it after Turner's older and soberer manner—that is, gaily, not gaudily; then we come to Langon, with its gipsy chambermaid, whom it is hard to pass; then up on the Landes, from a pleasant and discursive description of which, we must steal a few bits:—

"As we wade through the sands, I look about for the flying shepherds, but see no stiffs, or (as far as we can judge) any necessity for them. Nothing that a sabot, or even a naked foot, might not plant itself in with safety; winker, however, may and probably does make such things needful.

"These sandy tracts are divided at intervals by woods of oak or pine, and sometimes by delicious meadows, that look as if they had run away with their neighbours' verdure, to spread it out on their own sweet bosoms. In the midst of the sands we find now and then, and much oftener than we expected, a cottage that realizes—not the reality probably, but our fancy-pictures of the back settlement dwelling in the forests of America. Each standing on its own fresh lawn, entirely detached from any other habitation, within a grove of spreading oaks that might become merry Sherwood, or old Windsor. Close to each cottage is a circular well, with buckets suspended on its beam,—a garden feature that cools the pulse a little, though not so effectually as a fountain or a bubbling stream. \* \* The chance specimens of the population which we have lighted on in this best bit of the Landes, (of the sandy part of it, I mean,) have been decidedly favourable ones, becoming their pleasant habitations, which, were they roofed with wooden tiles instead of red ones, would

resemble in many points the charming chaumières of Switzerland. The sloping roof advances beyond the entrance, leaving the house behind it something in the Swiss way, and forming a cool and spacious shed, of which the inhabitants seem to understand all the advantages; for the women ply their distaffs, and the children gambol under its pleasant shade all the day long, playing at bo-peep with the sun, and looking enviously safe from its molestations.

"Altogether the Landes are far less dreary than we expected. Wherever there are woods, and sometimes where there are none, the ground is thickly carpeted with fern,—that lover of barrenness, whose large feathery leaf yields to every breath of air, and refreshes the senses by its bright verdure and fanning movement. Long lines of pine trees sometimes streak the verge of the horizon, letting in the sky through their boles like the gleaming of the summer sea. Even in many of the most barren tracts, an exquisite red heath brightens the parched surface; and wherever the soil seems reclaimable by care, there are dwellers on it.

"But we are not in the real heart of the Landes, only on the selvaie of the desert,—the embroidered corner. \* \* Here is too much habitation and vegetation for a true desert scene,—indeed there is no approach to it; and though, as we drive along, the carriage sometimes rocks in the sands like a ship in a storm, and the road is floored with trunks of trees laid parallel with each other, still we feel ourselves as if cheated out of the full complement of dreariness on which we had counted, and miss the perfect originality of character which (forgetting that our route was the post—and not the desert one) we expected to find giving additional raciness to the charming old superstitions, ceremonies, and legends, which are said to be still in customary observance and simple belief among the people of the Landes."

From hence, upon stilts longer than the highest-mounted shepherd of these wastes, we make a single step, and plant ourselves in the midst of the mountains. We had marked a market scene at Pau, but the following copious passage (scene Cautezetz) exhausts the space which can be devoted to extract—at least, for the present:—

"The scene which passes every day in our angle is not without character. As soon as the sun is abroad, the red capulets begin to move about loiteringly, each with a small distaff, or a bundle of worsted to sell; they are chiefly strangers, who come here for the benefit of the waters, bringing with them the portable implement of industry, the aforesaid distaff, without which a countrywoman of the Pyrenees is rarely seen. These red hoods are always in evidence; but dealers from Barèges, who come over the mountains with their light warm shawls, dresses, &c. of the stuff especially called *barèges*, and their pretty knit counterpanes, mingle with them, showing off their wares and tempting rambles, already overloaded, to buy what they afterwards do not know what to do with. The first sunbeams see the chairmen (who ply between the town and the baths) flying off with their fragile machines and muffled ladings; Spanish shepherds, who stop in from Arragon to drink of the springs, stand about grandly, flinging their blankets round them with the air of Velasquez cavaliers; madrassed girls run up and down with cakes or coffee; herdsmen of the mountains parade their merchandise, consisting perhaps of a dozen small cheeses, soft and curdy, each tied up in a clean white cloth, and suspended in a row on a pole which the bearer carries on his shoulder. At every moment a window opens, and a nimble-fingered knitter throws her stocking over the ledge; or a blind is closed against the attacks of the strengthening sun.

"Sometimes the drum beats, as it were, to arms; but it is only the *valet de ville* who proclaims an order of the mayor, a dog strayed, or a shawl stolen. \* \* At mid-day windows are carefully shut, blinds closed, and (according to the general custom in southern countries) light and air carefully excluded; a few native peasants looking in their flat berrets as Highland as auld Robin Gray, and a light sprinkling of capulets, are the only things in movement; but as evening draws on, come motion, freshness, and colouring; huge Spanish-looking couches arrive,

stuffed with passengers, chiefly peasants or persons of the poorer classes, who come here for a course of baths, and bring their live stock with them in panniers—cocks, hens, ducks, enough to feed their proprietors during their stay: the same room serves for all, and the bipeds are killed off as occasion requires.

"Often four or five of these coaches arrive together, and discharge their cargoes under our windows. Some are made up of poor strangers, who look about with a cloudy, perplexed air, as if they knew not where to go to; others of luckier folks, who find friends waiting for them, and are off after a hug, and a shake-out of the garments. A few have a parting squib with the driver, who being probably paid for his places beforehand, usually leaves such fares to take care of themselves. But when a berline or calèche arrives, then comes the tug of war, and the clatter of swift feet on the pavement; lodging-letters, traiteurs'-maids, and washerwomen, are all in commotion; and if the carriage happens to have an outside step, like the chariot of an old-fashioned physician, the most alert instantly jumps upon it, and thrusts in her card; while a dozen others pull at the tail of her petticoat, or try to fling in theirs over her shoulder. \* \*

"Mineral springs abound here, but the popular one is La Rallière, (an easy walk from Cautezetz, and higher up in the valley,) where there is a handsome bathing establishment. At half-past seven this morning, perhaps much earlier, the colonnade on which the baths open was thronged with invalids, all putting a good face on the matter. \* \*

"A rough straw chair upon poles, with two or three hoops stretched over it, and covered with a thin floor-cloth, is the usual conveyance of the sick or the lazy; and from the equal, alert, and exercised step of the chairmen, becomes a most agreeable one. Quite a coming-and-going bustle on the road to the Rallière this morning. In one chair an old sibyl of the most sorceress-like aspect, wrapped in her black capuchon, the scarlet lining slightly visible, and nothing wanting but a few cabalistic characters on her broad forehead-cloth; in another, a young officer, with whom the ugly guns seemed to have made foul work; in a third, a weighty dame, *en papillote*, concealing her unarranged charms under a thick green veil; two children squabbling in a fourth, with a girl trotting along by their side talking unavailing reason; and behind, a file of bonneted nightcaps that said nothing.

"Many were on foot covered with their long mantles. There is something very striking in the front view of this mantle, and very noble in the broad unbroken fold that falls from the head to the feet, giving a grand and mystical effect to the distant solitary figure, which, as it is seen descending the mountain path thus enveloped, looks like a veiled Isis just stepped down from its pedestal. \* \*

"As we returned, a woman, who was making hay in a field by the road side, threw off a few notes in a high shrill key that made the air ring. She was not golden-mouthed; but I thought her song might be one of the Pyrenees, and remembering the exquisite melody that E— picked up in the mountains, listened anxiously. But the words soon became too distinctly audible to admit of any romantic associations: it was neither more nor less than a petition for a halfpenny, trotted out with a sort of Lucy Locket sauciness; and with a laugh at the end of it, which showed the petitioner's carelessness as to the success of her *date obolum*. But, joke or earnest, there is (I suspect) a begging tendency here, though perhaps no stark, arrant, downright beggars. The children are ingenious tormentors: this evening a little girl, sleek and saucy as a page, asked me for a sous; L— gave her two, and she immediately cried out, 'N'avez-vous pas un autre?' which, it appears, is not an unusual translation of our 'thank you,' in these pastoral regions. He refused her for conscience-sake, and off she sprang like a chamois, and joining a group who sat decorating a bank in a hay-field close by, clustering their gay madresses, and making a point somewhat brighter than a patch of tulips, seized on another girl, and whirled her round on the sharp edge of a steep descent, gathering the wind in her full petticoat, and lavishing her rough graces with much more effect than her ungainly figure, seen in its stillness, seemed capable of producing."

\* A light landau, chariot, or other family vehicle, drawn by one horse.

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MEANS.



These are not picked scenes, but a fair specimen of the chapters before us. We should not be surprised, if they be the means of turning many a troop of summer pilgrims in the direction of the Pyrenees.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Three of the minor books of poetry, may be here noticed in company. *The Bridal of Naworth*, a little romance, the scene of which is laid in Marmion's country. The measure is heroic, and well managed, and reminds us, in the descriptive and didactic passages, of Crabbe's poetry. *A Collection of Scottish Poems*, by R. Allan, from which we shall steal one: and a modest little book, with a very modest title—*Attempts at Verse*: whose author has succeeded better than many of his more professing contemporaries. Without further preamble, here is Mr. Allan's song, which recalls to us, we scarce know why, that beautiful ballad in "The Nithsdale and Galloway Songs"—"There's kames o' hinney atween my Love's lips":—

Ane mayden sits at my lady's head,  
An' ane sits at her feet;  
An' these mayden's tears do wash the hem  
O' my lady's winding-sheet.

Ane taper burns at my lady's head,  
An' ane burns at her feet;  
Ane rosary lies on her breast,  
Where pearls hung sae meet.

An' but thae tapers twa that burn,  
It a' is dark an' drear;  
There's nae light in the chapel bower,  
But in my lady's quier.

The bell tolls in St. Michael's tower,  
It rocks the cradle dead,—  
Ane yirly voice, that ca's the quick  
To prayers that hae need.

The bell tolls in St. Michael's tower;  
It warns my lady hame;  
In holy aisle she maun be laid  
Down by hersel' alane.

Nae worms maun kiss my lady's lip,  
An' nae maun touch her een;  
Nae yirly thing maun sat it o'  
Where heav'n's light has been.

My lady's grave wi' spade an' shoel  
Is dug by cloistered wair;  
My lady sleeps, an' mayna wauk  
Till angels on her ca'.

And here are a few musical and simple stanzas from among the 'Attempts':—

I care not for the sunlight,  
Unless the sunlight lay  
On forest-trees, and meadows green,  
From cities far away.

Nor do I love the moonlight,  
Unless the moonlight sleep  
In rocky glen and quiet dell,  
In silence calm and deep.

Nor care I for the morning breeze,  
Unless it rustles by  
When I am laid 'neath spreading trees,  
And gazing on the sky.

For then I feel its quiet glide  
So gently through mine eye,  
As though it were a soothing draught  
Of silent poetry.

And then I seem as tho' I were,  
Of Nature's self a part,  
And that I had her glorious pulse,  
And felt with her own heart.

Tis then the ocean-billows rise  
With playful mirth, before  
My half-shut eyes: 'tis then I hear  
The waves beat on the shore.

The waves make music to the shore;  
The shore awakes the hills;  
The hills arouse the mountain streams,  
And their ten thousand rills.

The rills flow down into the sea,  
With a soft pleasant sound,  
And thus sustain the wondrous song  
Of Nature all around!

*List of New Books.*—The City of the Sultan, and Domestic Manners of the Turks, by Miss Pardoe, 2 vols. 8vo. 32s. cl.—Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons, Vol. III. (Summer) 6s. cl.—Sketches in the Pyrenees, 2 vols. post 8vo. 24s. cl.—Aunt Dorothy's Tale, or Geraldine Morton, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bds.—The Curate of Steinholt, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s. bds.—Biddulph's Sermons, 3rd series, 12mo. 3s. cl.—Truth without Novelty, Part II., 12mo. 2s. bds.; complete, 3s. 6d. cl.—Southey's History of the War in Spain, Vols. V. and VI., 21s. bds.—Remarks on Military Law, and the Punishment of Flogging, by Major-Gen. C. J. Napier, 8vo. 7s. bds.—The Poet's Daughter, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Lockhart's Life of Scott, Vol. III., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XCI. (British Statesmen, Vol. III.), 6s. cl.—Biblical Cabinet, Vol. XVIII. (Tittman's Synonyms of the New Testament, Vol. II.), 5s. cl.—Southey's Cowper's Works, Vol. XIII. (Odyssey, Vol. I.), 6s. 3d. cl.—Eureka; a Romance, by the Author of "Mephistopheles in England," 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.—Distant Glimpses, or Astronomical Sketches, by T. B. Burton, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—The Wrongs of the Caffer Nation, by Justus, 12mo. 5s. bds.—Ryland on the Larynx, 8vo. 18s. bds.—Transition, 12mo. 8s. bds.—Hall's (Bishop) Peace-maker, 32mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Todd's Student's Guide, revised by the Rev. T. Dale, 2nd edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.—Wardlaw's Discourses on the Socinian Controversy, 5th edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.—Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse, 3rd edit. 6s. 7d. cl.—Simms's History of Mohammed and his Successors, 18mo. 3s. cl.—Scenes of Death, by John Thwaites, M.D., 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Snowball's Introduction to Plane Trigonometry, 8vo. 6s. 6d. bds.—Lover's Legends and Stories of Ireland, 1st series, 6s. new edit. 6s. cl.; 2nd series, new edit. 7s. 6d. cl.—The East India Register and Directory, 2nd edit. 1837, 10s. swd.—Carpenter's School Speaker, new edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Shaw's Specimens of Ancient Furniture, 4to. 2f. 2s. cl.—Shaw's Specimens of Ancient Plate and Furniture from the Colleges of Oxford, 4to. 10s. 6d. cl.; fol. 2f. 2s. hf-bd.—Robinson's Magistrate's Pocket Book, with additions, by J. F. Archbold, 8vo. 20s. bds.—Tidy's Selection of Fables, 18mo. 1s. swd.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MAY.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1837. MAY.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Dir. of Wind and Dry Bulb Thermometer.	External Thermometers.				Rain in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barometer.		Att. Ther.	Barometer.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering				
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest	Highest			
M 1	29.656	29.648	60.4	29.681	29.676	57.2	48	55.3	60.2	48.0	59.3	.063	SW	(A.M. Clouds—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
T 2	29.902	29.894	60.3	29.868	29.862	58.3	49	55.1	61.3	47.2	60.8		SW	(A.M. Clouds—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
W 3	29.739	29.731	56.7	29.633	29.623	58.6	48	55.6	55.3	57.5	50.8	61.4	E	(A.M. Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.)	
T 4	29.779	29.773	52.9	29.835	29.827	56.2	43	53.3	46.2	57.0	44.2	61.2	NNE	(A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
F 5	29.983	29.979	65.5	29.992	29.984	57.7	42	56.8	51.2	57.2	43.2	57.2	W	(A.M. Cloudy—nearly cloudless—light wind. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
S 6	30.088	30.082	64.2	30.077	30.069	57.0	42	55.8	49.0	54.5	43.2	58.2	W	Fine—light clouds throughout the day. Evening, Fine and clear.	
© 7	30.019	30.013	58.8	29.929	29.923	53.8	43	54.2	47.7	53.0	41.4	55.2	NNE	A.M. Foggy. P.M. Cloudy—very light rain. Evening, Cloudy.	
M 8	29.776	29.768	52.0	29.679	29.671	53.3	44	55.0	50.3	51.7	45.2	53.5	S	Overcast—light rain throughout the day.	
T 9	29.581	29.573	52.5	29.558	29.548	51.9	37	54.6	43.6	47.4	38.4	52.2	.291 W	(A.M. Dark heavy clouds—light wind. P.M. Cloudy—hail and rain. Evening, Cloudy.)	
W 10	29.595	29.589	49.5	29.637	29.629	49.8	36	54.4	43.2	45.2	35.5	48.2	SW	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind—hail, snow, and rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds.)	
T 11	29.942	29.934	52.4	29.947	29.941	50.0	38	55.0	44.6	50.4	37.8	51.0	.033 SW	(A.M. Cloudy—hail with h. rain. P.M. Cloudy remainder of the day. Evening, Cloudy.)	
F 12	29.808	29.798	49.0	29.735	29.729	50.6	42	54.5	46.4	52.7	42.8	51.2	SSE	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
S 13	29.776	29.774	64.3	29.743	29.735	54.2	45	56.4	54.3	52.6	44.0	60.4	.147 S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
© 14	29.745	29.737	50.0	29.775	29.767	53.0	43	52.0	45.5	44.5	42.3	55.2	.183 SSW	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy, with occasional showers. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)	
M 15	30.061	30.053	51.4	30.039	30.033	53.2	45	53.9	47.9	55.0	43.4	56.3	.683 SSE	Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day.	
T 16	30.265	30.255	50.2	30.263	30.253	53.0	43	53.0	46.7	57.2	42.8	56.0	SSE	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
W 17	30.239	30.233	62.2	30.137	30.129	58.8	49	56.1	58.2	67.2	45.0	59.3	SW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. P.M. Cloudy—light wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
T 18	30.124	30.122	67.4	30.089	30.081	57.7	44	54.9	51.6	53.0	48.2	68.6	NE	Cloudy—light brisk wind throughout the day.	
F 19	30.034	30.026	52.2	30.015	30.007	53.7	42	53.8	45.3	51.4	44.4	54.2	N	(A.M. Overcast—light rain with brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
© 20	29.939	29.929	50.2	29.867	29.859	53.2	42	52.4	42.5	49.2	40.2	52.4	.058 N	(A.M. Overcast—lt. rain. P.M. Cloudy—lt. wind. Evening, Cloudy.)	
© 21	29.692	29.684	49.3	29.667	29.661	50.5	40	53.7	46.5	46.5	44.0	50.3	SW	Overcast—light rain throughout the day.	
M 22	29.731	29.721	50.4	29.766	29.758	51.5	39	55.2	45.6	49.8	40.6	51.2	.166 NW	(A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, P.M. Hail storm.)	
T 23	29.918	29.910	48.9	29.928	29.920	52.3	40	54.6	45.8	53.4	40.2	51.3	NE	Overcast—light brisk wind throughout the day.	
W 24	29.907	29.899	56.6	29.863	29.857	54.0	43	54.7	51.8	56.6	42.8	60.3	SW	Lightly overcast—lt. wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.	
T 25	29.788	29.780	51.8	29.772	29.762	55.2	44	55.5	52.4	60.2	43.7	58.3	SSW	(A.M. Lightly overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
F 26	29.837	29.831	65.2	29.827	29.817	59.4	49	56.6	58.7	63.2	48.8	63.6	SSW	(A.M. Overcast—light breeze—cloudless—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
S 27	29.925	29.923	71.7	29.942	29.932	61.2	48	56.5	56.4	64.7	45.2	60.5	SSW	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Overcast—light wind. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
© 28	29.988	29.978	60.2	29.938	29.930	59.8	49	57.6	57.7	56.7	50.6	65.4	E	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
M 29	29.930	29.924	61.2	29.918	29.912	61.4	52	56.4	59.7	67.3	53.0	61.6	SW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light breeze. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and clear.)	
T 30	30.005	29.999	68.2	29.978	29.970	62.7	51	58.3	58.2	63.0	49.3	64.6	SW	Fine—light clouds and wind throughout the day. Evening, Cloudy.	
W 31	29.978	29.968	57.9	29.902	29.894	60.9	52	54.6	55.2	62.6	48.4	66.3	.050 SW	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Overcast—occasional light rain. Evening, Cloudy.)	
MEANS.	29.895	29.884	56.9	29.871	29.863	55.5	44.3	55.0	50.6	55.6	44.4	57.6	1.674	Sum.	

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE  
AND ART.

Our readers will have seen, by the report of the debates in the House of Commons, that the Law of Copyright has been brought under consideration by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, and leave given to bring in a bill. The learned Serjeant's address, which has since been published by Mr. Moxon, was excellent—calm, earnest, dignified, and philosophical—worthy of the man and of his subject. All early feelings and associations seemed to have had their influences; and the appeal, though from the heart, was to the reason. The cordial spirit in which it was received by the House—the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer having seconded the motion—is good earnest that it will be carried through the legislature in triumph. This, coupled with the announcement which we lately made, that Mr. Poulet Thomson is actually in treaty with the French government respecting an international law, is a gratifying proof that the humblest exertions in a good cause may not be without their use and their reward. When we first took up the subject, we had no hope of this early triumph. The tendencies of the age, indeed, and the character of the more distinguished men of all parties, were favourable circumstances, yet we could not but fear that the dinning importunity of politics would drown the still, small voice of literature. We continued, however, to keep it before the public, and, if we desire to believe that our exertions have been, in some degree, instrumental in urging it forward, it is not as a mere vain boast and triumph, but for the value of the moral, and the example it holds forth in favour of exertion. The main object of the proposed bill will be, to extend the term of property in all works of learning, genius, and art, to be produced hereafter, or in which the *statutable copyright now subsists, to sixty years, to be computed from the death of the author.* In a preface to the published Speech, Mr. Talfourd speaks more specifically:—

"The extension of the term of property, which is the chief object of the Bill, can only operate on subsisting Copyrights, as all works which, according to the prevailing construction of the law, belong to the public, are beyond the power of the legislature to reclaim for their author. But it is proposed that wherever Copyright still subsists, whether by reason of the continuance of the author's life, or though he is dead, by reason of the subsisting term of twenty-eight years in part unexpired, the extension should operate. When such subsisting Copyright has been assigned, it is not proposed to give the benefit of the extension to the assignee, who is only entitled, in justice, to that for which he contracted and paid; but to the representatives of the author, as portion of his personal estate. In order, however, to secure to the Publisher the full benefit of his contract, it is proposed that he should have the right of disposing of any copies of the work which he may have on hand at the time when his right shall cease, and that of the representative of the author still take effect in possession.

"In proposing to declare the law that Foreigners or their assignees should have the benefit of Copyright in this country on registering their books at Stationers' Hall, in the form prescribed, it is not intended to give the Act an operation retrospective so as to affect works which, being published abroad, have been already reprinted here and are now in the English market; but to apply it only to works hereafter to be published, and which shall be registered within a stated period after their publication abroad. Thus, if a foreign author shall so long neglect to claim his right here as to give cause for belief that he does not propose to avail himself of its benefits, he shall not be entitled to complain of any one who may here avail himself of his labours.

"As one object of the Act is to secure to the descendants of authors who may produce works of permanent attraction, the benefit of their works beyond the subsisting term, it seems desirable to provide against the assignment of that remote contingency at a period when the probability of its arising may be wholly incapable of estimate, and when the pressure of necessity may induce them to make assignments for small sums. It will, therefore, be proposed to provide that no assignment by an author of Copyright shall be valid for a greater term than

that which he now enjoys—that of twenty-eight years, or for his life. The speculation of the most liberal and enterprising bookseller can scarcely reach beyond the term of twenty-eight years; while the rare instances in which the Copyright retains its value beyond that time, will be those in which the author had the greatest merit: and, perhaps, received an inconsiderable remuneration, though adequate to the immediate prospects of his success. 'Learning,' says Fuller, 'hath profited most by books by which the printers have lost.'"

It will also be provided, "that, in case no edition of a work shall appear for a specified time, any one shall be, after notice of such intention left with the last publisher, or at the last place of its publication, and advertised in the London Gazette, be at liberty to treat the Copyright as abandoned, and publish it for his own benefit.

"The reader who desires to find the law on the subject of Copyright ably stated, the opinions of writers on the subject carefully collected, and the rights of Literature powerfully asserted, should refer to Mr. Maugham's work on the Law of Copyright. I cannot also refrain from taking this opportunity of acknowledging my personal obligations to that gentleman and to his partner Mr. Kennedy, for the valuable suggestions with which they have supplied me, and the assistance they have given me in working out the details of a Bill which I hope, in a few days, to lay on the table of the House of Commons; and of expressing the pleasure and benefit I have derived from Mr. Hood's Letters on Copyright in the *Athenæum*, which are admirable for sense, spirit, and humour."

At a recent meeting of the Committee for the Wellington Testimonial, for the purpose of making final arrangements, Sir Francis Chantrey made a clear and satisfactory statement of his views with respect to the work he has been so rightly commissioned to execute, mentioning four years as the probable time in which his task might be completed, and expressing a desire that the pedestal might be so constructed, as not to require the protection of a railing. It was announced to the subscribers, that Lord Abinger and Baron Vaughan had sent in subscriptions of ten guineas each, in consequence of their satisfaction that the work had been confided to an artist so capable of doing it justice.

A French artist, M. Aug. Barre, has just arrived in London, bringing with him, as an introduction, some exquisite miniature figures, in marble and plaster, worthy of the admiration of all who delight in art. The *Adieu* of Tagliani is quite admirable—it has all the grace, ease, and sylph-like buoyancy of the original; and we recommend all her admirers, and all ladies who delight to show a fine taste by scattering treasures of art about their drawing-rooms and boudoirs, to pay M. Barre an early visit.

## BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery with a SELECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French Schools, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning until Six in the Evening—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

## CORREGGIO MAGDALEN.

This divine Work of Art, perhaps the chef-d'œuvre of Correggio, is NOW ON VIEW at No. 49, PAUL MALL, and will remain for only a short time longer.—N.B. A few doors from the British Institution.

Every known Artist will be admitted on presenting his own card.

## DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

JUST OPEN.—NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the BASILICA OF ST. PAUL NEAR ROME, BEFORE AND AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY FIRE; and the VILLAGE OF ALASKA, IN PRIMO, DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE. Both Pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Bouton. Open Daily from Ten till Five.

## SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

May 25.—Francis Baily, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.

The Rev. William Walton, and Richard Westmacott, jun. Esq. were elected; and John Dillwyn Llewelyn, Esq. and Henry Boase, M.D. were admitted Fellows.

The reading of Sir David Brewster's paper 'On the connexion between the phenomena of the absorption of Light, and the colours of thin plates,' was resumed and concluded. The following papers were next read,—viz. 'On the hereditary instinctive propen-

sities of Animals,' by T. A. Knight, Esq., and 'Meteorological deductions from observations made at the Observatory at Port Louis, in the Mauritius, during the years 1833, 1834, and 1835,' by J. A. Lloyd, Esq. Surveyor General of that island.

June 1.—Francis Baily, Esq., Vice President and Treasurer, in the chair.

William Ayrton, Esq., James Carson, M.D., William Hopkins, Esq., and Capt. John T. Smith, were elected Fellows.

A paper was read, 'On the structure of the crystalline lenses of Animals,' by Sir David Brewster.

## JUNE 3 '37 GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 17.—Rev. W. Whewell, President, in the chair.—A paper, by Mr. Peace Pratt, F.G.S., commenced on the 3rd May, entitled 'A Description of the Geological Character of the Coast of Normandy,' was resumed and concluded.

On referring to the previous accounts by Mr. De la Beche and Mons. de Caumont, he confines himself chiefly to those points which appear not to have been accurately described.

The chalk cliffs which bound the coast between Cape Antifer and Cape la Heve are composed of chalk marl, and rest upon a bed, 40 or 50 feet thick, of green sand. To these succeed alternations of argillaceous beds, with ferruginous deposits, which appear to indicate the presence of the Gault and Hastings sand. These rest upon an argillaceous limestone, separated into thin beds by portions of clay, of which the upper layers contain *Gryphaea viminalis*, *Ostrea deltoidea*, and these, therefore, represent the Kimmeridge clay. In consequence of a fault, bringing down the argillaceous deposit called argile d'Honfleur to the level of the shore, it has been assumed that this also was equivalent to the Kimmeridge clay, like the deposit on the northern shore of the Seine, although it really overlies the iron sand.

The Kimmeridge clay again makes its appearance near Crique Bauf, and is seen resting on a calcareous rock, which the author considers equivalent to the coral rag formation, and that they do not represent the Portland beds. Near the mouth of the Touque a deposit of clay rises from beneath the calcareous strata, containing *Gryphaea dilatata* and *Ostrea gregaria*, and therefore representing the Oxford clay. This forms the cliffs as far as Dives, and is seen near the mouth of the Orne, overlying a calcareous oolitic rock, which is usually considered identical with the Cornbrash, but in fossil remains approaches much nearer to the forest marble of the West of England. They overlie two beds filled with fossils, chiefly *Terebratulina digona* and *plicata*, *Atrypa inequalis*, *Apicorinites rotundus*, &c., and therefore representing the Bradford clay.

The Caen freestone is usually considered to represent the Great Oolite of the West of England, but the few fossils found in it resemble those of the Inferior Oolite.

Lias is distinctly seen for a few hundred yards, forming the base of the cliffs near St. Honorine.

Hence Mr. Pratt concludes, it would appear from this rapid view, that nearly the whole of the strata found between the chalk and the lias in England are found on the coast of Normandy; the Portland, and perhaps the Purbeck beds, with the Kelloway rock, only not being seen in this part of France.

A paper by Dr. Mitchell, F.G.S., was also read, describing a well dug at Beaumont Green, on the premises of Mr. Munt, a magistrate for the county (Hertford), in which chalk was reached at the depth of 126 feet, a spring met with 40 feet lower, but the excavation was continued for 17 feet below the spring to form a reservoir. The most remarkable stratum in the section was one 15 feet thick of blue sand with black pebbles. This in very wet weather was found to emit foul air, and in such quantities as to suffocate a well-digger when descending; a hawk, flying over the well, fell into it, and a similar fate befel smaller birds, as well as bees and flies. Dr. Mitchell has no doubt that the foul air was sulphuretted hydrogen gas, formed by the decomposition of water and iron pyrites. The neighbouring district to the extent of four miles is called 'Foul country' by the well-diggers. Nothing remarkable was observed in the well during dry weather. Its safety has since been secured by bricking it from the chalk up to the surface.

June 1.—announced to the Gardeners' 10d.; and the present The number whom 6l. 2 23,568, the 306 mammals completed, a arrangement for the meeting a s for the appri the Carnivo opportunity the open a health, it w to visitors.

May 2.—chair.—Mr. elected a m The Ord presented Ordinance. Chapman I Institution plans, draw of Newcast A paper in Belfast ing the qu river, and descending was read. A mode tion of Ch Trubshaw, ner in whi had been l was excee in length that the w of labour. Some d adopted h way. By extent of one; a s sents the e embankm being emy informati erved at lines being frequently one in pr Mr. H. employed the perfo and Tyno the qual the wear tains mu short tim the leas Mr. C. proveme specimen been dre dresses t the ston thing to made ou seen a l 3 inches stone, about on by the m

A sec Stevens the sea a

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## ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

June 1.—Viscount Gage, in the chair.—The report announced that the receipts of the past month were 1689*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*; and that there had been expended on the Gardens 831*l.* 17*s.*; on the Museum 182*l.* 9*s.* 10*d.*; and the General Establishment 158*l.* 17*s.* 4*d.*; the present balance in hand being 1650*l.* 3*s.* 10*d.* The number of visitors to the Museum was 452, from whom 6*l.* 2*s.* was received; and to the Gardens 23,568, the sum received for admission being 854*l.* 10*s.* The total stock on hand was 1025, including 306 mammalia, 702 birds, and 17 reptiles. The paddock and fence of the giraffe house had been completed, and several alterations made in the interior arrangements, by which this building was now fitted for the reception of the animals. At the previous meeting a suggestion was thrown out by Col. Acklom for the appropriation of paddocks behind the dens of the Carnivora, which would allow the animals the opportunity of exercising themselves more freely in the open air, and which, whilst conducive to their health, it was anticipated would be no less interesting to visitors.

## INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 2.—James Walker, Esq. President, in the chair.—Mr. Oldham, of the Bank of England, was elected a member.

The Ordnance maps of England and Wales were presented from the Master General and Board of Ordnance. The President announced that Mrs. Chapman had expressed her intention of making the Institution the depository of the valuable professional plans, drawings, &c. of the late William Chapman, of Newcastle.

A paper, by Mr. Bald, on the velocity of the water in Belfast Harbour, containing calculations respecting the quantity of water supplied to the Laggan river, and tables of the velocity of the ascending and descending currents at different states of the tide, was read.

A model of the centre employed in the construction of Chester Bridge having been presented by Mr. Trubshaw, many observations were made on the manner in which this, the largest stone arch in the world, had been built. The waste of timber in this centre was exceedingly small; timbers from 22 to 34 feet in length were only bored with one or two holes; so that the whole loss on the centre, including the cost of labour, did not amount to more than 700*l.*

Some discussion then took place on the method adopted by Messrs. Macneill in laying down a railway. By this method of projection the positions and extent of cutting and embankment are shown at once; a shaded part above the line of railway represents the cutting, and a shaded part below the line the embankments. The terms activity and declivity being employed, and a rate being marked after them, information sufficient for ordinary purposes is conveyed at once by a single section.† Two different lines being laid down in this manner, the eye will frequently detect at once the reasons for choosing one in preference to the other.

Mr. Harrison presented a drawing of the drops employed at South Shields, and gave an account of the performance of the locomotives on the Stanhope and Tyne Railway. It had been ascertained that the quality of the coal used influences very much the wear of the tubes. If, for instance, the coal contains much sulphur, the tubes will leak in a very short time; therefore that is selected which contains the least quantity.

Mr. Carnegie gave an account of the recent improvements in the stone-planing machine. Many specimens of the Craigleith and other hard stone had been dressed, and the ease with which the machine dresses the stone is such, that the labour of putting the stone on, and of taking it off, is the principal thing to be considered. Some remarks were also made on a new boring machine. A member had seen a hole bored in three minutes, by one man, 5 inches deep, 1½ inch in diameter, in a hard sandstone. Holes could be bored by this machine in about one-fifteenth the time occupied in boring them by the methods now employed.

† A section similar to this is used in one of the charts in Stevenson's Bell Rock Lighthouse, to show the depth of the sea at different parts of the German Ocean.

May 9.—The President in the chair.—The Ordnance maps, county Meath, were received from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. A paper by Mr. E. H. Palmer, on the application of steam as a moving power, considered especially with reference to the reported duty of the Cornish engines, was commenced. The object of this paper is to show that highly elastic steam cannot be applied as economically as atmospheric steam. Mr. Palmer first considers what is the maximum effect which can be produced by a given quantity of atmospheric steam, and then, reasoning from certain principles in physics, some of which are recognized as established, he infers that highly elastic steam, worked expansively, cannot produce even an equal, much less a greater effect. Mr. Palmer assumes that 12 cubic feet of water can be converted into atmospheric steam by 84*lb.* of coal; the steam so generated, occupying many thousand cubic feet, can be applied to produce a vacuum, and we shall have about 4½ million *ft.* raised one foot high by this quantity of steam. But if this is to be applied through the intervention of machinery, some allowance must be made for the loss due to friction and other causes. This correction being made, Mr. Palmer obtains about 26 millions as the maximum effect which can be produced by this given quantity of atmospheric steam.

Mr. Palmer then proceeds to consider the position, that the high-pressure steam, produced by the same quantity of fuel, must be less efficacious than atmospheric steam, and he takes the following laws as the basis of his argument:—That the sum of the latent and sensible heat in steam, whatever its pressure, is a constant quantity. That all matter, steam of course included, absorbs caloric on dilating. That though equal quantities of water require equal quantities of fuel to convert it into atmospheric steam, it does not follow that all the caloric absorbed in high-pressure steam is exclusively supplied by the fuel expended. That steam of double, treble, or more atmosphere elasticity, is not composed of double or treble the volume of water contained in an equal volume of atmospheric steam; but contains proportionately less water as the pressure is higher at which the steam is generated.

The preceding principles were illustrated and insisted on in great detail; and the author concludes that the high-pressure steam, generated by a given quantity of coals, cannot, when worked expansively, perform so much duty as the atmospheric steam, from the same quantity of fuel, unless steam can dilate without sensible caloric becoming latent.

May 23.—The President in the chair.—The paper by Mr. E. H. Palmer, on steam, was concluded. Considerable discussion took place on the question of the actual duty which engines were doing in pumping water, and several members undertook to ascertain the fact of the duty actually done by some of the best engines in London and its neighbourhood, and to report to the Institution on the subject.

A paper, by Mr. Bald, on blasting the white limestone on the Antrim coach road, was read. This paper contains sections and descriptions of the white limestone; the depths and diameters of the borings; the quantity of gunpowder used per cubic foot; with tables of the quantity of gunpowder required for opening blocks of given dimensions.

## INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

May 29.—G. F. Robinson, Esq. V.P. in the chair. There was exhibited, from C. Manby, Esq., a drawing of a monumental cross, erected near Redruth, to the memory of the late Lord de Dunstanville, composed of 30,000 cubic feet of granite, the cost of which was 15,445*l.*; it was commenced in May 1835, and finished in February 1837. A paper was read from M. Hittorf, accompanied by numerous drawings, illustrative of Polychromatic Architecture, principally of the temple of Empedocles, in Sicily, in Sicily. This system was proved to be common to the Greeks, adding a charm and dignity to their styles. The idea of painting their wooden buildings, it was supposed, might originate from their first idols, which they obtained from Egypt. That the Polychromatic system was generally in use, might be inferred from numerous fragments of terra-cottas found in the several temples and also in Pompeii; and all observations tended to show, that form did not alone con-

stitute the architecture of the ancients, but that colour was necessary to give to it animation and expression. A new field of enjoyment was opened by looking at architecture in this light. In their most important buildings the ancients employed coloured marbles, and thus the Pantheon, which was constructed of granite outside, had the interior of Sienna marble. In some of our modern buildings, and particularly the Library of the British Museum, the introduction of coloured marbles had a very interesting effect. Mr. Donaldson observed, it was probable that the indistinctness of the Cathedral at Milan was owing to the want of painting, and that a similar observation might have suggested itself to the notice of the Greeks; and Mr. Britton remarked, that an analogy to the Polychromatic system appeared in the paintings and other ornaments in the interior of the antique churches of this country. Mr. Robinson stated that in Paris, the entablatures and frescoes of the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, now in the course of erection, were painted; and a Member remarked, that even now the Polychromatic system of architecture was in use in many parts of Hindostan, where the interiors of the temples were painted.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—May 18.—J. E. Gray, Esq. President, in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. A. Hopkins, on the subject of Vegetable Fermentation. The author, after remarking on the changes and mutations which are continually undergoing in bodies—in the vegetable and mineral kingdoms in particular—proceeded, first, to describe the phenomena attendant on the formation of sugar, and the various modes in which sugar is formed. Mr. Hopkins conceives, that all the products of fermentation arise from the diminution of carbon; and that the great discrepancies which we find in the analysis of different chemists, is to be accounted for by the various objects they had in view while instituting their experiments; for instance, in the relative degrees of purity and of dryness, and chiefly from the presence of other substances, which, though bearing an affinity to the body under examination, should nevertheless be considered distinct, as having a different elementary composition. By the process of fermentation, the nature of sugar becomes entirely altered, and with it are also changed and modified the other ingredients which were in combination with it—its great characteristic, sweetness, being entirely lost. From the experiments of Berzelius, Berard, Gay Lussac, and Thénard, it would appear, that in the former periods of fermentation, carbonic acid is almost disengaged; this, however, is not a necessary process. The oxygen which is used goes into combination, and not to produce carbonic acid gas. The author is of opinion, whatever the results of Rosin's and Saussure's experiments may be to the contrary, that acetification depends almost exclusively upon an internal action; and that the atmospheric air is of no further use than in furnishing nitrogen to aid the process. Gluten, when present, is certainly a great incentive to fermentation, and is further heightened by acetic acid. The development of heat may be accounted for, first, by the theory of the co-production of alcohol; and secondly, from latent heat being developed when the oxygen enters into the state of acid. In the process of putrefaction there is always a re-carbonization of part of the ingredients, and a consequent evolution of hydrogen. But though immense masses of vegetation are continually undergoing destruction by a disorganization of their component elements, these afford nutriment for a new generation; and it is clear that there is also a symmetrical proportion in the various other departments of nature,—that the same causes which operate on one part of her works, very frequently operate alike in the other departments. A discussion afterwards ensued upon the various topics broached by Mr. Hopkins, after which the Society adjourned.

ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.—Oxford.—A paper by the late Mr. Titlar was read to the Society, on an Arabic Translation of the Conics of Apollonius, prefaced by a treatise on the methods of drawing the conic sections, translated from Clavius, and another on a property of triangles, by Binos Mousa. The diagrams were frequently wanting or incorrectly drawn in the MSS. The terms for the different lines are literally translated from the Greek, but that for the focus is

an exception to this rule, and Apollonius appears to have been but imperfectly acquainted with the important properties of this point. The paper concluded with recommending the publication of scientific works in Arabic as a means for promoting the knowledge of the people of India. Dr. Daubeny then exhibited and gave an account of some improvements he had made in his instrument for the purpose of bringing up water from great depths.

## MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Asiatic Society .....	Two P.M.
	College of Physicians .....	Nine.
MON.	Entomological Society .....	Eight.
	Linnean Society .....	Eight.
TUES.	Horticultural Society .....	Three.
	Architectural Society (Quart. Meeting) .....	
WED.	Society of Arts .....	Eight.
	Royal Society .....	4 p. Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
FRI.	Astronomical Society .....	Eight.
	Royal Institution .....	3 p. Eight.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

## DRURY LANE.

This Evening, FIDELIO, (Pietro, Mad. Schroeder Devrient); and THE MAID OF MEERHE.  
On Monday, One Act of FIDELIO; with One Act of LA SON-NAMBU LA; a Variety of Singing, and a popular Ballet, (for the Benefit of Mr. Cooper).  
Tuesday, CATHERINE GREY; with ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

## Great Concert Room, King's Theatre.

MADAME DEGLI ANTONI has the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that her FAREWELL MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Room, THIS DAY (Saturday, June 3).—Vocal Performers: Madame Grisi, and Madlle. Asandri, Signora Italiana; Tamburini, Ivanoff, and Lablache; Madame Pasta (who has expressed a hope to Madame Anton) that she will be able to render her assistance on this occasion; Madlle. Ostergaard, Madame Degli Anton, and Madlle. Blassi, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Bennett, Signor Brizzi, and Signor De Begnis.—Instrumental Performers: Harp, Madame Larmande des Argus; Horn, Signor Puzzi; and Clarinet, Signor Liverani.  
Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of all the principal Musicians; and of Madame Degli Anton, 165, New Bond-street, corner of Grafton-street.

## Concert Room, King's Theatre.

MONSIEUR ROSENHAIN has the honour to acquaint the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that his GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at the above Room on TUESDAY, the 13th of June, 1837, under the immediate Patronage of Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF KENT, to commence at Half-past 1 o'clock precisely.—Principal Vocal Performers: Madame Schroeder Devrient and Madame Giannoni, Mrs. H. R. Bishop, Miss Clara Novello, and Mrs. Alfred Shaw; Signor Rubini, Signor Ivanoff, Signor Tamburini, Mr. Brizzi, and Signor Lablache.—Instrumental Performers: Harp, M. Labarre; Violoncello, M. Franchomme; French Horn, Signor Puzzi; Piano-forte, M. Rosenhain. Conductor, Sir George Smart.—In the course of the Concert M. Rosenhain will play the following Pieces, of his own composition: A Grand Fantasia; an Adagio Espressivo (Corno Obligato, Signor Puzzi); La Danse des Sylphes; and an Extremepace Fantasia.  
Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at Mr. Mitchell's Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Mr. Sams' Library, St. James's-street; and at all the principal Music Warehouses. Boxes may be secured at Mr. Rosenhain's, 11, Richmond Buildings, Soho; and at Messrs. Cramer, Addison, & Beale's, 201, Regent-street.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The Seventh Concert was conducted by Mr. Potter, and led by Mr. Weichsel. The scheme included Beethoven's Symphony Eroica, and Haydn's 'Danse des Ours,' with a new overture, 'The Naiades,' by Mr. W. S. Bennett; wherein, making a large allowance for reflections from Weber and Mendelssohn, we still found many traces of original grace and genius. There was likewise the Corelli trio, by Messrs. Lindley, Crouch, and Dragonetti, and a quartett of Mozart's, led by Mr. Eliason, more in the proper quartett fashion, that is, with as much warmth as delicacy, than most we have heard during the past season. Mrs. Shaw and Mr. Balfe sung well; and Pasta so superbly, as to prove herself to be still the Pasta of our early Opera days; which means, a head taller in the scale of musical stature than any other songstress we have ever listened to.

## CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.

Two very excellent entertainments were given on Tuesday and Wednesday mornings—the former by Mr. Moscheles, the latter by Messrs. Rousselot and Eliason. We have so often had occasion to record our opinion of Mr. Moscheles, not merely as a performer, but as a thinker, that it would be superfluous to descend upon the excellence of that portion of the Concert in which he was concerned, though we must particularize the first, third, and fifth of his new MS. studies, as exquisite. In the second act, he joined M. Thalberg and M. Benedict, in Bach's triple concerto, never before performed in this country. To speak as we could wish of this magnificent exhibi-

tion, is difficult: enough to say for its composer, that a grander union of inspiration and science could not possibly be imagined: there is little music written in our own days—days in which resource and contrivance have received such immense additions, and fancy is permitted flights so much more widely extensive—that would not sound mechanical, and frivolous, and small, in comparison with this concerto. The three who introduced it to the public on Tuesday, deserve, too, the highest praise which can be given to executive artists,—namely, that of having raised themselves into the same atmosphere, if not up to the same level, as their author. It was glorious to hear Thalberg and Moscheles playing against each other, to do honour to the thoughts of Bach, and not to their own fingers—the extemporaneous cadence of the latter was superb.

At the Wednesday's Concert, after having mentioned some clever violin-playing on the part of Mr. Eliason (whom, however, we liked far better at the Philharmonic Concert), and a cleverly-written sextetto and a vocal trio, by M. Rousselot, we have to say little, save that all the favourite foreign singers in London were there, Tamburini excepted; and all doing their best: Pasta making us wonder that we could ever have thought 'Di tanti' hackneyed; and, with Grisi in the grand duett from 'Andronico' (Malibran's last song!) producing an effect which must be heard to be believed. The first has the voice—limpid, flexible, abundant; the latter has the passion, the energy, the—but we are running into superlatives, and must stop. One word must be added in honour of that wonderful piece of dramatic singing, Schroeder's delivery of Schubert's 'Erlkönig'; and another, to record M. Rosenhain's fire and execution, and thorough command of his instrument, the pianoforte. He would, however, do most wisely to beware of his own music.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Balfe's new opera, 'Catherine Grey,' was brought out on Saturday last, and experienced a very good reception from the audience. According to custom, on the first night of an opera, people who went to hear and to form an impartial judgment upon it, were interrupted and annoyed by a noisy set of persons in the upper boxes and gallery, stationed there on such occasions for the purpose of attempting an encore of everything, from the overture to the finale of the last act; and of forcing one, whenever the opposition of the reasonable portion of the audience is not prompt and peremptory. We by no means charge this nuisance upon either the manager or the composer; it is usually the work of the publishers, who have bought the music beforehand, and who want to advertise the work as "nightly encored." That it is a nuisance, however, there can be no more doubt, than that it is most injurious to the interests of the theatre. The present opera is musical throughout, the dialogue being carried on in recitative. We do not think the English language well fitted for this purpose, but we are quite sure that such English language is not. Indeed, we cannot compliment the author more than very faintly upon either his dialogue or his poetry. The plot, too, is not only poor, but absurd. The idea of making Queen Elizabeth, of all the sovereigns in history, declare her passion for Lord Hertford before the whole court, and threaten him for refusing her, is quite preposterous. Perhaps the most consistent scene in the piece is one in which a number of conspirators come on and swear to do nothing—and they do it. The music, without having any originality to recommend it, is generally pleasing, and cleverly put together. Compared with the other works of the same composer, we should say that it is by no means so good as 'The Siege of Rochelle,' but much less dull than 'The Maid of Artois.' The only thing to bring away with one, was the serenade in the second act—"Look forth, look forth, my fairest"; sung, and very charmingly sung, by Mr. Balfe himself. It would have been infinitely more effective though, with persons whose opinions are worth having, although it would have elicited less applause from the galleries, without the exaggerated Tamburini cadence at the end. Mrs. Wood was in good voice, and acted with great spirit: we cannot, however, bring ourselves to think that either her voice or style is as good as it was before she went to America. Miss Romer did not please us in Elizabeth,—and we presume she did

not please herself, because we understand that she has expressed a strong wish to give up the part. The opera was much applauded, and the customary callings-out took place at the end.

## MISCELLANEA

Quito.—The pyramid erected in 1736 by the celebrated mathematician Condamine and his associates Boguet and Godin, to commemorate their labours in that part of the world, having been soon after thrown down by order of the Court of Madrid, is being restored by direction of the President Rocafuerte. The foundation stone was re-laid with great ceremony in November last, by the President in person, on which occasion our countryman General Miller, the Minister Plenipotentiary from Peru, addressed the company in a speech which is interesting from the incidental notice it contains of the locality, and for the information as to the condition of the Aborigines. The following is an abridged translation:—"On making a few observations on the present occasion, let me express, first of all, how deeply I feel impressed with the magnificence and grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The spacious valley we stand in, situated as it is in the lap of the Andes, under the very equinoctial line, is of itself sufficient to excite our wonder and gratitude toward the Supreme Creator, not only for the amazing fertility of its well-cultivated fields, but also for its delicious temperature; elevated ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, we nevertheless now hear the song of innumerable small birds which flutter in the orange and citron groves, or among roses, lilies, and other flowers of the temperate zone, whilst the condor spreads its broad wings, and hovers proudly over the snow-clad Pichincha, Cotopaxi, and Antisana, which lift their majestic pinnacles from the Cordillera which encircles us. It is not then wonderful that science, in an age gone by, should have selected this smiling spot to contain structures commemorative of its persevering efforts towards the perfecting of the human understanding. \* \* I cannot pass this opportunity without calling to mind the names of Juan Jorge, and Ulloa—companions of the illustrious Frenchmen—Spaniards who prove that men most distinguished for their love of the sciences are precisely those who most endeavour to promote the welfare of humanity. The report which these two learned men made to the king of Spain, lately published under the title of "Noticias Secretas" is a production that ought to immortalize them. It is an exact account of the abject and cruel servitude under which the unhappy aboriginal race then groaned, and, I am sorry to observe, still groan. That report ought to be attentively read by every one of our legislators, bishops, and other ecclesiastical rulers, aye, and by every free American animated by the noble desire of doing away with a disgraceful bondage: yes, there yet exists those receptacles of human misery, and of over-wrought labour called "Obrages" (Bridewells); but it is to be hoped that the present enlightened President will better the condition of these unfortunate, and that, while he fosters the arts and sciences, he will as efficaciously employ his zeal in abolishing a system of tyranny a thousand times worse than slavery itself. I also venture to cherish a hope that the proprietors of the soil, conforming to the spirit of the age, will become convinced that it will be to their own interest to transform, by kind treatment and education, into an industrious tenantry those unhappy serfs who now pine beneath a degrading tutelage, and live exposed to all the caprices of arbitrary power, and to the despotism of thoughtless or unfeeling masters. May heaven grant that these Pyramids, rebuilt under the auspices of independence, may likewise be testimonials to announce the dawn of a new epoch of liberty to the more than miserable aborigines."

Blood.—M. Lassaigne has been examining the action of bi-chloruret of mercury on the fibrine of blood. He states, that a solution of bi-chloruret of mercury, in which fibrine has been steeped for some days, does not contain any free hydrochloric acid, as generally supposed; for the mercury, when agitated with the liquor separated from the fibrine, precipitates all the bi-chloruret in a state of proto-chloruret, without leaving any hydrochloric acid in the water. Moreover, M. Lassaigne has detected the absence of chlorine, in this same liquor separated from the fibrine.



He therefore concludes, from this double experiment, that fibrine, like albumen, combines with bi-chloruret of mercury, without reducing it to a proto-chloruret.

**The Tongue.**—M. Flourens has recently studied the tongue of man and other animals, and consequently establishes the existence of the mucous body of the tongue in man, as well as other mammalia, and does away with the celebrated net-work of Malpighi, by finding that it is continuous; the appearance of net-work having been probably caused by ebullition, whereas M. Flourens employed maceration. The nature of the tissue which forms this body, he thinks to be new, and *sui generis*.

**Polypus.**—A. M. Turpin has presented a memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, containing a curious description of the fresh-water polypus, *Cristatella mucosa*, of Cuvier. Its eggs were found upon, and mistaken at first for the spores of, the *Erysiphe gallata*, and were entirely covered with crooked spines. One was broken for examination, and the albumen which issued from it convinced the observer that it was an animal substance; the other was hatched in a phial, and, separating into two gaping valves, an animal issued, which proved to be the *Cristatella*. But the microscopic examinations of M. Turpin show that this polypus can no longer be termed naked, for it consists of an envelope which contains three polypi. These multiply by two methods, eggs and gemmae; the spines which attend the former are developed after they have left the mother.

**Dyeing.**—The attention of M. Chevreul has lately been given to the process of dyeing, and he has just laid a memoir on this subject before the French Academy of Sciences. In it he endeavours to ascertain the changes which may be produced, in certain cases, upon the same colouring matter, fixed upon cotton, silk, and wool. When speaking of dyes extracted from organic matter, he says, that the fastness of a colour depends very much on its proportionate weight, as compared with the weight of the stuff which it colours: for instance, the dark blue cloth, which is worn by men, owes the preservation of its tint to the large proportion which the weight of the indigo bears to the proportion of the wool which it dyes. The general opinion, adds M. Chevreul, that wool has more affinity for colouring matter than any other substance, is not borne out by his experiments. The action of light, and steam from water, but slightly alters the rose given by Carthamus to cotton, while it changes the same substance on wool, and a deeper shade on cotton. It has scarcely any effect on orchil fixed on silk or wool, but a strong one when orchil is fixed on cotton. Indigo acid, so fleeting on cotton and wool, is more lasting than indigo itself on silk.

**An Apologue of Franklin's.**—An anecdote is told in Tucker's Life of Jefferson very illustrative of Franklin's character. During the debate on Jefferson's celebrated State Paper, the Declaration of Independence, Franklin observing that his friend with a little under the acrimonious verbal criticisms, told him the following anecdote:—"When he was a young man, he said a friend of his, who was about to set up in business for himself, as a hatter, consulted his acquaintances on the important subject of his sign. The one he had proposed for himself was this: 'John Thomson, hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money,' with the sign of a hat. The first friend whose advice he asked, suggested that the word 'hatter' was entirely superfluous, to which he readily agreeing, it was struck out. The next remarked, that it was unnecessary to mention that he required 'ready money' for his hats—few persons wishing credit for an article of no more cost than a hat, or if they did, he might sometimes find it advisable to give it. These words were accordingly struck out; and the sign then stood, 'John Thomson makes and sells hats.' A third friend who was consulted, observed, that when a man looked to buy a hat, he did not care who made it; on which, two more words were stricken out. On showing to another the sign thus abridged to 'John Thomson sells hats,' he exclaimed, 'Why who the devil will expect you to give them away?' On which cogent criticism, two more words were expunged; and nothing of the original sign was left but 'John Thomson,' with the sign of the hat."—*Tucker's Life of Jefferson*.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**WEST LONDON LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION, 26, BAKER-STREET.**  
LECTURES will be delivered at this Institution EVERY THURSDAY EVENING, at 8 o'clock, during the present Quarter.

The Lecture for 8th June will be on ASTRONOMY, by Dr. LARDNER, President of the Institution.  
Annual Subscription, 2 guineas; Entrance Fee, 1 guinea.  
Ladies to be allowed the use of the Circulating Library, and to attend the Lectures on payment of 1 guinea each per annum.  
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